

Complete



IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVII

NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 1



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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Sermonets

A good many folks eat their cake before they have it, and live on johnny-cake all the rest of their lives.

Happy are they who know good books and love and prize them. They lighten life's burdens and give needful rest. They call the mind for a while from griefs and worries, and bring joy and content. They raise our thoughts to better things and higher aims. Good books are faithful friends, and when we need their service they are always to be found, as if waiting to uplift, to comfort, or to cheer.—*Farm Journal*.

"Repent one day before thy death," Rabbi Nathan said.

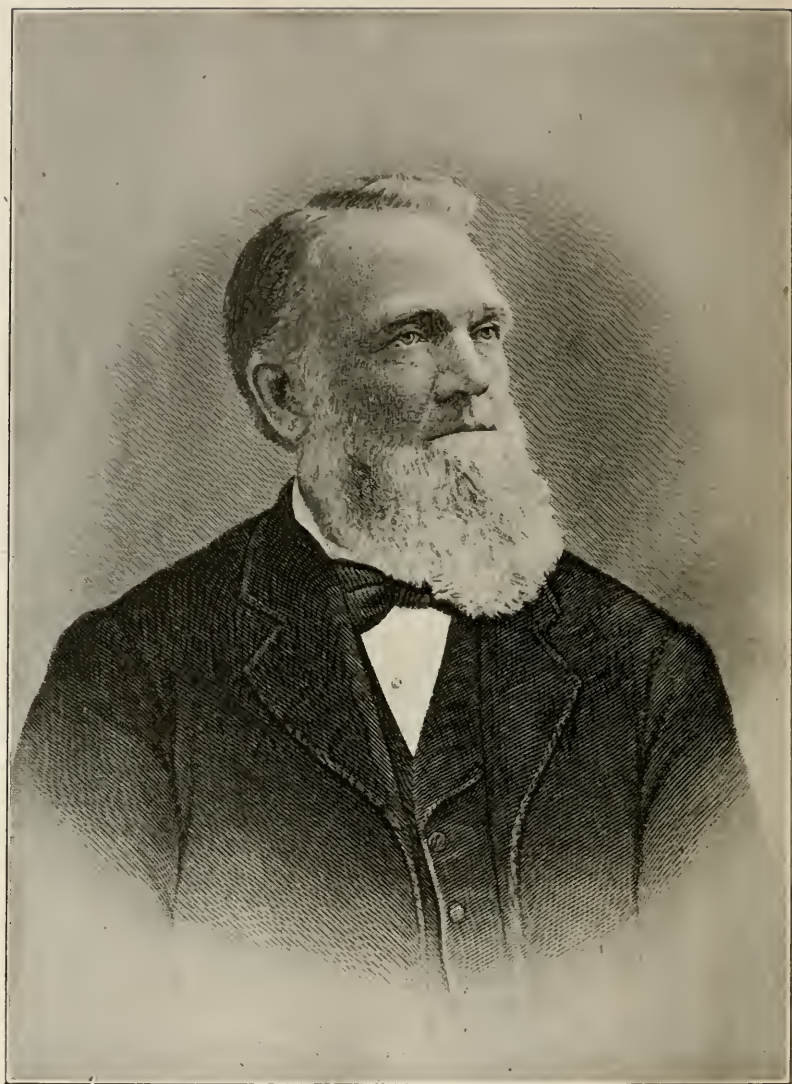
In relation to this statement Rabbi Eliezer was asked by his disciples,

"How is a man to repent one day before his death, since he does not know on what day he shall die?"

"So much the more reason is there," he replied, "that he should repent today, lest he die tomorrow; and repent tomorrow, lest he die the day after: and thus will all his days be penitential ones."—*Talmud*.

"We all know who it is that stands at the very summit of the spiritual pathway,—Jesus Christ, the son of God, who became a perfect man, leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps. We know, too, the steps in which he trod,—obedience, devotion, purity, truthfulness, kindness, resistance of temptation, self-sacrifice. And we know the result of following him, until we come, in a unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—*Henry Van Dyke*.

SOME POINTS FOR EMPLOYEES.—Men who merely work for pay-days will never be promoted. He who fights the man or concern that puts the bread of life into his mouth is foolish. He who is too independent with a dollar in his pocket generally loses the dollar and his independence, after a week of idleness. There are men who expect to rise in the estimation and confidence of their employers, when at the same time, they do all they can to make them fail. This position is inexplicable. If you are to prosper, your employer must succeed. If you desire to advance, you must be loyal to him and his interests.—*J. T. Barrett*.



FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS

Born, Richmond, Mass., April 2, 1821; died, Ogden, Utah, Dec. 9, 1899.

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Belated Emigrants of 1856

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

I

The year 1856, throughout this intermountain region, has often been referred to as the year of calamities, and well might it be so termed, judging it by the condition in which the Latter-day Saints found themselves during that time. The trouble was caused principally by drouth, and by the grasshopper famine of 1855, with the severe winter that followed. Stock on the range died by the thousands, and when the spring of 1856 made its appearance, the people were left in straits nothing short of desperate.

Up to this time most of the Church emigration from Europe came *via* New Orleans, and up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Here the emigrants purchased ox-teams to take them to the Valley across the plains.

The presidency of the Church, knowing that hundreds of European emigrants were anxious to gather to Zion that season, sent, in substance, the following communication to Apostle Franklin D. Richards, who at that time was presiding over the British mission:

"In regards to foreign emigrants for another year, have them take the northern route through New York and Chicago, and land at Iowa City, the western terminus of the Rock Island railroad. There they will be provided with handcarts on which to haul their provisions and clothing. We will send experienced men to that point with instructions to aid them in every way possible; and let the Saints who intend to emigrate to Utah the coming season understand that they are expected to walk, and draw their carts across the plains. Sufficient teams will be furnished to haul the aged, infirm and those who are unable to walk. A few good cows will be sent along to furnish milk, and some beef cattle for the people to kill along the road. Now have them gird up their loins and come while the way is open."

As soon as this document reached the British shores, it was published in the *Millennial Star* of February 23, 1856, and sent



A HAND-CART COMPANY

From a painting by Samuel Jepps, Provo, owned by S. S. Jones.

broadcast among the Later-day Saints of the European mission. This news spread like wildfire, causing a great stir among those who in the past were unable to pay their expenses to Zion. They could scarcely wait for the day of departure to come. In less than eight months from the time that epistle reached its destination, not less than 750 pilgrim Saints pulled their dust-covered carts through the streets of Salt Lake City to the tune of "Merrily on the way we go until we reach the Valley."

There were other Latter-day Saints in Europe who were just as anxious to gather to Zion that season as those who had gone before, and this spirit had taken such a hold upon them that they left their various occupations before arrangements could be made for their transportation. The result was that many of them



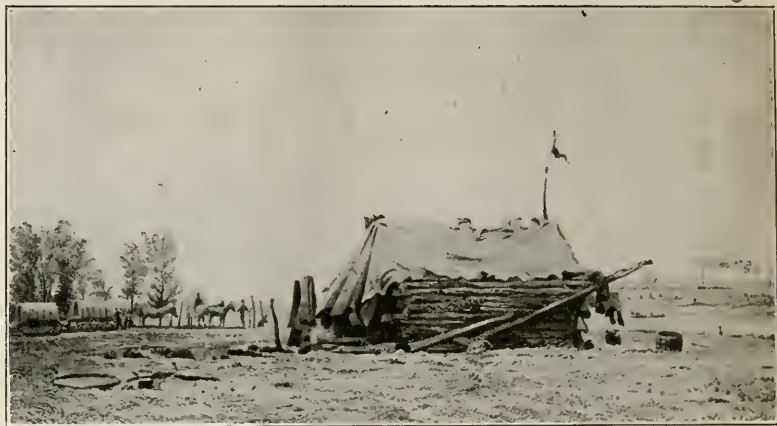
VIEW OF THE MISSOURI RIVER AND COUNCIL BLUFFS
From "Liverpool Route."

either had to go to the poorhouse that winter or run the risk of a late journey across the plains. They joyfully chose the latter course, and President Richards, seeing no better way out of the difficulty directed matters to that end.

On the 3rd of May the ship *Thornton* sailed from Liverpool with 764 Latter-day Saints on board, and twenty-two days later the *Horizon* left the same port with 856 more, making in all 1,620 souls. The former company arrived at Iowa City, June 26, and those who sailed on the *Horizon* reached there twelve days later. Here they were met by the experienced men whom the authorities of the Church had sent to take charge.

By this time the season was well advanced, and much work had to be accomplished before the 1,620 emigrants would be able to continue on their way. It was necessary to construct more than two hundred and fifty carts, make dozens of tents, buy hundreds of cattle, to say nothing of other important matters that must be looked after.

Brother Chauncey G. Webb, who superintended the making of carts, was unable to purchase suitable timber for that purpose, but did the very best he could under the circumstances. He called to his aid every available mechanic in camp to help crowd the work through, while the women folks were busily engaged in making tents. William H. Kimball and George D. Grant were working diligently buying cattle, while Apostle Erastus Snow,



LOUP FORK FERRY
From "Liverpool Route."

Daniel Spencer and other Church officials were engaged looking after the spiritual condition of the Saints.

After several weeks had been spent in getting things ready, what is known in Church history as "the belated emigrants of 1856," were organized, according to figures compiled by Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jensen, into companies as follows: Captain James G. Willie's company, consisting of 500 souls, 120 carts, 5 wagons, 24 oxen, 45 beef cattle and cows; Captain Edward Martin's company, 575 souls, 146 carts, 7 wagons, 30 oxen, 50 beef cattle, and cows; Captain William B. Hodgett's wagon train, 185 souls, 33 wagons, 187 oxen, beef cattle and cows; Captain John A. Hunt's wagon train, 200 souls, 50 wagons, 297 oxen, beef cattle and cows.

On the morning of July 15, Captain Willie's company bade farewell to the good people of Camp Iowa, and started on their



CAMP AT WOOD RIVER
From "Liverpool Route."

thirteen-hundred-mile journey to the West. On the 28th, they were followed by the Martin company. About the first of August the wagon trains rolled out, making in all 1,550 souls, 95 wagons, 266 carts, 633 oxen, beef cattle and cows, all bound for the City of Great Salt Lake.

The country for two hundred miles ahead was beautiful beyond description, and the roads in condition nothing short of perfect. Game was everywhere plentiful, and the finny tribe filled every stream. Grass was waist deep in places, and the wild flowers in full bloom. Groves of timber dotted the land, and delicious fruits hung on every bush. Honey could be bought for a song, and milk was had for the asking. There was no place on earth where the birds sang sweeter. All nature seemed to smile.

While the late pilgrims, a God-fearing people,
Were pushing their way through the rich prairie land,
Every inducement that 'postates could conjure
Was offered fair maidens to win heart and hand.

While the four belated companies were passing through that beautiful country, the anti-"Mormons" along the route did everything possible to induce the daughters of Zion to remain with them, and the temptation was so great that a number of the girls accepted their offers. With this exception, and the death of one man, the journey from Iowa City to Council Bluffs was nothing more than a pleasure trip. Several days were spent at Florence, Nebraska, mending carts, taking on new supplies, and getting



INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

YELLOW BEAR
An Arapahoe Chief.
MA-NIM-IC
A Cheyenne Chief.

LITTLE RAVEN
An Arapahoe Chief.
WHIRLWIND
A Cheyenne Chief.

ready for the remainder of one of the most remarkable journeys that was ever recorded in the annals of history.

On the morning of August 17, the Willie company made another start, and eight days later was followed by the Martin company. On the 2nd of September the Hodgett and Hunt trains pulled out, all headed for the west. They made light drives the first few days to get everything in good working order, and to make any little changes that were necessary. If all went well with them they would reach the Salt Lake Valley before snow fell; and if not, there was no telling what would happen.

During the afternoon of August 29th, the Willie company came suddenly upon a band of redskins which gave the emigrants quite a scare, as the Indians were on the warpath that season, killing men, women and children all along the route. As good luck would have it, they proved to be of a friendly nature, and it was quite a treat for the old country people to behold the real live redman in his natural state. After purchasing some buffalo meat and a number of trinkets from them, the company pushed on.

They had not gone far when they came to the place where the members of the Babbitt party were massacred by Indians, a few days before. A Mrs. Wilson was taken captive by Indians after they had beaten out her child's brains and murdered the remainder of the company. Colonel Babbitt was not with his party when this trouble occurred, but was killed by the Cheyennes, soon after. As soon as the Willie company gathered up the mutilated dead and buried them, they quickly moved on with feelings better imagined than described.

Just before daylight on the morning of September 4, the redskins ran off all of Captain Willie's beef cattle, which afterwards proved to be nothing short of a calamity, as their food supply had already commenced to run short. Several days later they met Henry Banichter, who gave a thrilling account of the massacre of the Margetts' party, who were on their way from Salt Lake to Europe. The Indians took Mrs. Thomas Margetts captive, after killing her husband, child and traveling companions. Mr. Banichter was the only one of the party that escaped. Thomas Margetts was a brother to Philip Margetts, the veteran actor.

When the Willie company reached a point about three hundred miles west of Florence, they barely escaped being trampled under foot by a herd of frightened buffalo that came rushing in behind them at breakneck speed. The roads by this time were somewhat rough, and much rawhide had to be used on the rickety carts to keep them from falling to pieces. Some of the axles wore through before the journey was half ended, causing much trouble and delay all along the road.



THE HAND-CART MISSIONARIES OF 1856.

The original of this rare portrait belongs to Major Richard W. Young. It needs only a glance to tell that the men are a group of stalwarts. The picture was taken in England, in 1855, when the men composing the group were filling missions in Great Britain. The occasion of their coming together was to arrange a plan for dispatching emigrants from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake valley by hand-cart trains. All are now dead. The names of the eighteen men in the group are: Top row, left to right: Edmund Ellsworth, Joseph A. Young, William H. Kimball, George D. Grant, James Ferguson, James A. Little, Philemon Merrill. Second row: Edmund Bunker, Chauncey G. Webb, Franklin D. Richards, Daniel Spencer, Captain Dan Jones, Edward Martin. Third row: James Bond, Spicer Crandall, W. C. Dunbar, James Ross, and Daniel D. McArthur.

A short sketch of each, taken in part from an old copy of the *Deseret News*, will be interesting:

Edmund Ellsworth married Elizabeth, the oldest daughter of President Brigham Young. He assisted in the management of his father-in-law's business, and built the first flour mill in Soda Springs. He settled finally in Idaho.

Joseph A. Young, a son of President Brigham Young, was the well-known railroad pioneer and lumberman, and the first superintendent of the Utah Central Railway, the stretch of road between Salt Lake and Ogden, now a part of the Oregon Short Line system. He is the father of Major Richard W. Young.

William H. Kimball is well-known in Utah history as an Indian scout and typical pioneer. He lived in Coalville and Summit county for many years, and died December 29, 1907.

George D. Grant, one of the Prophet Joseph Smith's bodyguard, was a brother of Jedediah M. Grant, and was a fearless and faithful defender of the people during the Indian troubles and the Echo Canyon war.

James Ferguson was a writer and actor, and one of the most brilliant of the pioneer figures of those times. He was the father of Mrs. David Keith, Mrs. Kate Burton, James X. Ferguson, Barlow Ferguson and Ferg Ferguson.

James A. Little was a nephew of President Brigham Young, and a brother of Feramorz Little. He assisted largely in the preparation of the "Compendium," in connection with Franklin D. Richards, and wrote the history of Jacob Hamblin, the Indian scout and interpreter. Mr. Little later moved to Mexico and died there, Sept. 10, 1908.

Col. Philemon Merrill was in the Crooked River battle at which David Patten was slain. Col. Merrill was shot through the body, but was healed through the administration of the elders. He spent the latter part of his life in Utah and traveled much in the settlements relating his experiences to the young people.

Edward Bunker moved to the south in the early Utah days, founding Bunkerville.

Chauncey G. Webb was the father of Ann Eliza Webb, and a leading citizen of Utah.

Franklin D. Richards, the beloved apostle, whose history is well-known to all the Saints, presided over the British mission at the time this portrait was taken. As a frontispiece of the ERA, we present a photograph of the venerable apostle as he was known to the younger generation before his death, on December 9, 1899.

Daniel Spencer was one of the educated and strong figures in those days, and was the President of the Salt Lake stake of Zion when he died, in 1868. Among his large family of children are Claudius V., John D., Mark, Henry W., Samuel G., and Josephine Spencer.

Captain Dan Jones, a noted seaman, opened up a large part of the Wales mission, and died many years ago.

Edward Martin was one of the pioneer photographers of the state, having a gallery between First and Second South streets on Main street, Salt Lake City. He was well known in the local militia for many years.

James Bond died in the early 60's. He was a printer with the Deseret News in pioneer days.

Spicer Crandall established a flour mill in Springville, and the picture here given is said to be the only one ever taken of this patriarch.

W. C. Dunbar, well-known actor and singer, whose name is a part of the theatrical history of Utah, died in the Twentieth ward, Salt Lake City.

James Ross was famous in early days for his ability to quote the scriptures. He was called the "Walking Bible." He was gifted with a good memory and with eloquence, though a self-educated man.

Daniel D. McArthur had a notable career as police officer in Nauvoo. He filled two missions to the British Isles, and was a captain of No. 2 handcart company, and major of commissary, and colonel in the Salt Lake militia. He was a deacon, seventy, high priest, bishop, president of a stake, a patriarch in the Church, and died in St. George, June 3, 1908.



FORT LARAMIE
From "Liverpool Route."

On the 12th, North Bluff Creek, 613 miles west of Iowa City, was reached, and about this time the company's provisions had run so low that Captain Willie was compelled to cut the rations to fifteen ounces for men, thirteen for women, nine for children, and five for infants. Just before dusk there arrived in camp Elders Franklin D. Richards, George D. Grant, William H. Kimball, Joseph A. Young, Cyrus H. Wheelock, Chauncey G. Webb, James Ferguson, John D. T. McAllister, William C. Dunbar, Nathan H. Felt, John Van Cott and Dan Jones, all returning missionaries from Europe, who left the river after getting the last "Mormon" emigrant company of the season started on its way.

The missionaries were very much depressed in spirits over the condition in which they found the Willie company, and they promised to push on to the Valley as rapidly as possible and make the authorities there acquainted with the facts, then return to their relief with the first party that left Salt Lake. The next morning, after giving the Saints many words of encouragement, and singing them several rousing songs, the Richards' party drove on.

On the 15th, several Arapahoe Indians were met, who gave a detailed account of an attack made by the Sioux on a large emigrant train some distance ahead, killing quite a number of them. It caused the hand-cart people to wonder how it was that the Indians had been so merciful with them, while other emigrants were being slaughtered on all sides. They could not help but believe that the Lord had softened the redman's heart in their behalf.

During the night of the 17th, the first frost of the season was experienced. The next day Ellen Cartwell was bitten by a



A HAND-CART COMPANY

From a painting by Dan Weggeleand, owned by Prest. Joseph F. Smith.

large rattlesnake, but not fatally injured. That evening a Sister Stewart was lost, and found just in time to save her from being devoured by a pack of hungry wolves.

The company reached Fort Laramie on the 30th, where they found plenty of buffalo robes, and what provisions could be secured for them that had been purchased by the Richards' party. The next day they met Apostle Parley P. Pratt at the head of a company of missionaries, on their way east. They camped together that night, and Elder Pratt delivered a powerful address on the subject of the gathering. The next morning they bade him farewell for the last time, as he was killed some time after.

On the 12th of October, Captain Willie cut the rations of his company to ten ounces for men, nine for women, six for children and three for infants. On the 14th another reduction was made, and on the 19th the last ounce of flour in camp was doled out to the hungry emigrants. That evening the first snow of the season



FORDING THE UPPER CROSSING OF NORTH PLATTE

From a painting by George M. Ottinger.

made its appearance, and by morning it was about eighteen inches deep on the level.

On the 9th of September the Hunt and Hodgett companies were ferried across Loup Fork, and six days later crossed Wood River. On October 2 they forded the Platte, thirty miles east of Chimney Rock. During the afternoon of the 7th a number of their teams stampeded, and a Sister Stewart was killed during the runaway. They reached Fort Laramie on the 9th, and on the 19th arrived at the upper crossing of the North Platte. The Hodgett company doubled teams that afternoon and forded the river. The next morning the snow was so deep that they were unable to travel.

The Martin company's experience up to this time was similar

to that of the Willie company, except that they had not lost their beef cattle. During the afternoon of the 19th they arrived at the last crossing of North Platte, and rested for a short time, as they had been drawing their carts through heavy sand all day. The river at this point was wide, the current strong, the water deep, and the bottom covered with rocks. The weather was threatening, and a piercing wind was blowing from the north. After a late dinner, they crossed over, and before they had fairly reached the other side, the storm that had overtaken the Willie company at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater broke over them in all its fury, the result of which was terrible.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why I Am

The aim of my existence is that I may have more joy
Than sorrow, in the sum of life,—build more than I destroy;
That I may seek and find the truth, and in the search be glad;
Be much more moved by love of good than by the fear of bad;

To freedom gain, and ne'er forget that others, too, have rights—
That mine "turn in" where theirs begin, no matter what's my
might;

To keep proportioned, and to grow in head, and hand, and heart—
To put in practice what I know to be the better part;

To let the spirit have its share of culture every hour,
And keep the passions in the place of servants to will-power;
To be submissive to the will of those I should obey,
Yet be a gallant leader, still, of others—on my way;

Outgrow the power to love a lie, or any other wrong,
By sacrificing for the Truth and helping Right along;
To be effect, and then be cause, of light, and love, and life;
To learn, obey, and then make laws,—*enjoy eternal life*;

To go the road that God has gone, who once was mortal man
Of perfect type; if I am such a one, become a God I can.
And why not?—if man is His child, and a brother to His Son,
The Man-God, Jesus, who on earth showed how the race was won,

And says to me: "Be ye like *Me*, do ye as I have done,
Be one with *Me*, as I and He, My Father, God, are one?"
If God had not intended that I Divine might be,
Why, then, confer the image of Divinity on me?

Thus making my appearance clear a necessary fraud,
A being in His likeness here that never can be God?

PROVO, UTAH

GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

A Question of Conversion

BY D. W. CUMMINGS

Jean Lemaire had suspected for some time that the visits of a certain American at the Rochelle home in the outskirts of Bordeaux were becoming significantly frequent and regular, and he was discussing the matter with Marie Rochelle rather warmly.

"How long has he been coming here—this American?"

"About once a week, for the past three or four months."

Lemaire scowled. Marie, seeing the scowl, was displeased.

"Why do you frown that way?" she demanded, sharply.

"Because I don't like what you tell me—that this man comes here so often. And that, because I don't like *him*."

"Why not?"

He flushed, and then replied hesitantly, as one who is confessing a weakness:

"Because—because I don't understand him."

"You mean—?"

"I am a thinker. I let my reason govern me in everything, in so far as a human being can, uninfluenced by my emotions. I have read this man's tracts and find them—trash. And yet," scowling still deeper, "I don't throw them away. And I am drawn to listen to him, not because my reason justifies me, but because—because of his personality, I suppose. I don't understand it!"

She listened to him intently, as though comparing his with some past thoughts of her own, and finding them similar. Presently she said:

"Perhaps it isn't his personality."

"What might it be, then?" he asked, curiously.

"The Spirit of God," she replied, calmly.

"Bah!"

"I don't say it is," she returned, "I merely say it might be. Have you discussed his tracts with him?"

"No!" he scornfully replied.

"You don't think them—worth while?"

"No, because there is so little in them that is new. His is evidently one of those ritualistic and materialistic religions, with a fixed creed and prescribed ordinances. They are as old as Christendom itself, and are all fundamentally alike."

"I did not see much in his tracts, either—till he began to explain them. And then—"

"You don't men to say that you are seriously considering this

man's doctrines?" he demanded in amazement, and with some heat.

"Yes!"

He jumped to his feet in a fury, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Listen! I know your attitude toward religion, for it has often hurt me. You, with your Free Thought, have always merely tolerated my being a Catholic. But I loved my religion. It gave me hope and courage. I found it beautiful—oh, so beautiful!" she added, wistfully. "Our splendid churches, the mystery and grandeur of the mass, the loving trustfulness of our belief in the Virgin, the consolation of the confession, all, it was all so beautiful, and I loved it.

"Then this man came along. His face told me that I could trust him, and I did. He began to discuss religion with me. I consented, for I had no fear that he could shake my faith, and I was curious. But I never realized for a moment what it was going to lead to. If I had I—I don't believe I would have had courage to undertake it!"

"To what has it led?" he asked, tensely.

In her eyes was a great fear, as she replied in a low voice:

"To reasoning for myself upon religion. I have actually begun to wonder whether, after all, Catholicism be true!"

"This has gone too far! As you say, I have and will tolerate your being a Catholic, but to consider seriously this other religion is absurd! You don't know what you are getting into!"

"How are you going to stop it?" she asked, in a strangely hopeless tone.

"You are too rational to reject the thing, now that it has interested you so much, unless it be proved false to you. That is what I propose to do!"

Just then the door-bell rang. At the sound, Marie's eyes gleamed with excitement. She hurried toward the door, whispering swiftly to Jean as she passed him:

"You have your chance, this is he!"

As she opened the door, a rather tall young man, evidently an American by his clean-shaved, eager features, and the cut of his clothes, entered briskly, chatting in rapid though incorrect French while taking off his overcoat. He turned to greet Jean, but seeing the queer look on his face, hesitated, smiling broadly. Presently he inquired:

"Why on earth are you looking at me that way, M. Le-maire?"

"Because—because—"stammered Jean.

"Because he was talking about you, M. Faber, just as you rang," said Marie, with a flash of mischief.

The laugh that followed relieved the situation, and the ordinary small talk began. Finally, Faber turned toward Lemaire and inquired:

"Just what were you saying, M. Lemaire, as I entered?"

"I was saying to mademoiselle that, while I found you very interesting personally, I thought your tracts rather—shall I say, ineffective?"

The American, quite undisturbed either by the compliment or the criticism, smiled.

"You found our religion somewhat materialistic, with a primitive insistence upon ritual and ordinances, did you not?" he asked, easily.

The other two gasped.

"Oh, you needn't be surprised. I am so familiar with Free Thought arguments against our religion, that I can nearly always anticipate them. In fact, they and the Catholic arguments are practically all we have to meet here in France."

"You seem to fare pretty well with the Catholics—those that are not qualified to defend their faith," observed Lemaire, with a touch of sarcasm.

"My dear M. Lemaire, I would discuss religion with the Pope himself if I thought it would accomplish anything. I have even now an appointment here with Pere Lebrun, Marie's confessor."

"Pere Lebrun coming here!" exclaimed Jean, turning amazed eyes of inquiry upon Marie.

"Yes," said she, quietly. "M. Faber has consented to let me ask him certain questions before Pere Lebrun, and hear the explanation of both. That is Pere Lebrun now."

At the sound of the bell the two men looked expectantly at the door. Marie opened it quickly, and admitted her confessor.

He was a man past middle age, garbed in the conventional black robe and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of the French *cure*. His face was large, kindly and highly intellectual, his bearing dignified, almost to stateliness. He had the ruminative eyes of the scholar, saddened, evidently, by suffering. And yet they were strong eyes, that told you there lay behind them a strong mind. They were the eyes of a deep thinker, precise and firm in his convictions, yet tolerant of those which opposed them. They reflected, too, a profound piety, that was in no wise bigoted, and that had not changed one whit a natural kindness and good humor. It was not at all surprising that Marie should greet him with glad affection.

"*Nous voici, mon pere!*" she cried. And then she added, with a noticeable constraint: "We're waiting for you."

He looked about him in surprise.

"You did not tell me there would be others."

"No, because—because I was a little, *little* bit afraid you would not come, if I did. But I, too, have had a surprise. I did not expect Jean. Although he is welcome," she added graciously.

At her words the priest looked at Lemaire steadily. Just as steadily, the free-thinker returned his look. In their eyes was a subtle antagonism that both seemed to regret, and yet that neither could suppress. Suddenly, as though by a common impulse, they turned their gaze searchingly upon the American.

For a moment no one spoke. In the silence, the two old antagonists were estimating the new and common foe!

"What a situation!" muttered Jean, admiringly, the Frenchman's love of the dramatic finally prevailing.

His words snapped the tension, and the three hastily shifted their gaze. But in that moment something had happened!

There had been a psychic clash, significant of itself and grimly portentous of another and a greater conflict. Rome, Free Thought and "Mormonism" confronted one another in that little room, battling for the soul of that girl, just as in a few years in France, they will be fighting for the dominance of her people!

Yet the situation was strangely free of personal hostility. It was as if these three men, big-minded men all of them, realized that their present struggle was not one of individuals but of principles: as if, too, the vaster portent of their immediate conflict weighed upon them, and rendered them sternly scrupulous.

"Good-day, messieurs," said the kindly old priest. "This is a remarkable coincidence, but, nevertheless, a pleasure."

The others murmured a courteous greeting, and then there succeeded a pause. It was broken by the priest, who said, with a touch of whimsical bluntness:

"It is not difficult to surmise what is the subject of our thoughts, *n'est-ce pas?*"

The others started slightly, and there was a quick exchange of glances. Then Pere Lebrun composedly resumed, addressing Marie:

"It was to discuss with M. Faber that you asked me here to-day, is it not so?"

"*Oui, mon pere.*"

The priest stood a moment, thinking deeply. Then he shook his head negatively two or three times, as he said to Marie:

"You meant well, *mon enfant*, but you have made a mistake. I will exhort you, explain to you, counsel you, but I will not argue with you, or for you."

"But *mon pere*—" began Marie, pleadingly.

"*Non, mon enfant,*" he stopped her, with gentle firmness, "I have been through all that, and I know. Religious discussion is a turmoil out of which nothing ever comes, and in which many a

soul's tranquility has been lost. Simple, unquestioning faith is all that saved me from infidelity, and it is all that will save you. Why will you not see this? Why will you not come back to peace and security in the Mother Church?"

"Because, *mon pere*, I must know for myself," she replied in a low voice.

"But it is not necessary that you should know. These things, which you mentioned to me the other day, and which, no doubt, you wish to discuss with M. Faber, they are mysteries—"

"The same old crusher!" burst out Jean, with true French impulsiveness. "I beg your pardon, *mon pere*, but that is what drove me out of the Catholic church."

"And into what did it drive you?" said the priest, pointedly.

"Into the life of Reason."

"And into the death of Faith," rejoined the priest, solemnly. "You see, *mon enfant*?"

Marie paled with distress at the priest's implied warning. Faber saw it, and came to her rescue.

"Permit me to say, messieurs, that in what you have just said you have read the indictment of both your respective schools of thought. You," turning to Pere Lebrun, "would compel Marie to intellectual slavery. You would have her crush all original thinking that leads to conclusions contrary to dogma, asserting that the fact that it does conflict with dogma is proof positive that her reasoning is false.

"You, on the other hand, M. Lemaire, impatient of the limitations placed upon faith by the Catholic church, have entirely eliminated it as a factor in your life. But Marie cannot do that. Just as strong in her nature as the desire to know is the desire to believe. Hers is a nature that demands faith in God and His infinite love and justice. Take away that assurance and you ruin her happiness."

"That is true," murmured Marie. "That is what makes me afraid!"

The American, as though warned to his subject by her evident distress, continued even more earnestly:

"You both leave her unsatisfied, as your systems have left thousands of others. Now let me ask you: Supposing for the moment that there is a divine plan of salvation here upon earth, in it, will not Reason nicely balance Faith? Will it not provide that the two shall be the prime factors in our development? The reply of 'Mormonism' is 'Yes.' Ours is a system built upon Faith justified by Reason."

Jean looked a rather contemptuous incredulity, but said nothing. Pere Lebrun, too, was silent. He seemed to be resist-

ing a strong impulse to reply. Presently, however, the look of indecision disappeared, though his face remained grave.

"I still adhere to my rule of life, monsieur. I shall not argue that point nor any other with you. Marie, *mon enfant*, one last time: Will you not return to where you were born and where you belong—in the arms of the Mother Church?"

Marie was very pale. Her eyes pleaded his forgiveness, but the delicate firmness of her lips and jaw indicated an unalterable resolution.

"*Non, mon pere*, I cannot. I must know."

The old priest's face saddened, and he sighed deeply. But with a gentle kindness he took her hand, and placing the other on her head, said softly, in the familiar French form:

"Very well, *mon enfant*, follow thy way. If it become rough and disappointing thou knowest always where to find thy friend. And God will not let thy pure heart go far astray. After all," he said musingly, "who knows?"

Then, turning to the men, he said, while preparing to leave:

"You are doing a grave thing, but you are sincere. That sincerity will keep you from irreparable error. I differ from you now, but again I ask, who knows? This life is very short and very dark. Will not God give us another chance after this life to get the perfect knowledge? It is not orthodox, but deep in my soul I feel he will. Good-day, messieurs!"

And so he left them, sadly but with dignity, this fine old type of the Catholic priesthood. He was a Christian, imperfect perhaps, in his knowledge, but spotless in his integrity and charity. Modern Catholicism is producing many of his kind.

Faber stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at the door as it closed upon Pere Lebrun. Then, turning to Marie, he said, regretfully:

"I'm afraid, after all, that my visit has not been very fruitful."

"It has at least brought me to one definite conclusion," rejoined she, determinedly.

"And that is—" asked Lemaire.

"To decide for myself in this matter. I shall rely on my own conscience and my prayers to God."

"But you will at least hear what I have to say against the doctrines of M. Faber, will you not?" inquired Lemaire, anxiously.

"Of course. I do not mean to stop investigating. But I shall decide for myself, uninfluenced by sentiment."

"That is just what I want you to do," said Lemaire in a relieved tone. "M. Faber will doubtless be glad to furnish us an opportunity to thresh out the matter thoroughly."

"Indeed he will," replied Faber.

It did not take long to arrange a series of discussions to cover the fundamental principles of "Mormonism" at which Marie was to be present. Both men were eager, and an early date was set for the first discussion. When all had been agreed upon, the two began making preparations to leave. As he shook hands, Faber said to Marie:

"There will be a new missionary here to assist me by the time we meet again. My period of lonesomeness is over."

"I am glad for your sake. What is his name?"

"Richard Bourne."

"I like his name. Perhaps," she added with a smile, "it is because I can pronounce it. It is an omen that I shall like him, too."

And then the two men said good-by and left.

There is no intention of making any part of this narrative a censure of Richard Bourne. What he did demoralized missionary work in Bordeaux for months, almost wrecked a girl's life, and made of his honorable release a travesty, yet he may have been, not reprehensible, but only indiscreet. However that may be, it is not the purpose of this account to criticise, but merely to forestall in a measure, if possible, a repetition of the catastrophe he precipitated.

He had been a missionary some fourteen months when he arrived in Bordeaux, but he was still very plainly a country boy, a huge, timid, vacillating, rural boy. He had rosy cheeks, boyish eyes, and lips that pouted childishly at every intimation of gloom. Even his big frame did not serve to give him a manly appearance, for he carried it with drooping awkwardness. Yet he was clean and honest and had a smile that warmed the heart and made you like him. The romance that sprang up between him and Marie started the moment she saw that smile.

He was very lonely and she sympathised. He told her about his home, and she listened—eagerly. He wrote to his folks about her,—he wrote to his folks about everything—they commented upon her, and he translated to her their comments. Sometimes she would read them herself, for she had studied enough English to make out the meaning. He had sorely missed his sister, who had always petted him considerably, and he now sought to replace her by Marie. He made her his confidant, just as his sister had always been. He told her his troubles—of which homesickness was the biggest, and of his plans, of which getting back home was the brightest. He told her, too, his ideals, little realizing that she was gradually forcing herself among them. Suddenly, he woke up to find her the center of them, the one

Big Ideal of his life. So, at least, he passionately assured himself.

Had he been utterly unlikeable, the almost sacred word "missionary" was enough to win a strong hold upon Marie. As it was, he was amiable, honest and, unlike the vast majority of her countrymen, morally clean. All that, and a missionary! Why his love to her seemed like a gift from God, and with all the ardor of her Latin temperament, she returned it.

Thus in her heart, along with her steadily increasing faith in "Mormonism," grew this pure love for Bourne. Yet never once did she consciously connect the two. Never did it occur to her that her baptism would remove the one great barrier between her and Richard. With an instinctive integrity of soul, she sought and studied Truth for Truth's sake, and she exacted a clear understanding before accepting it.

The series of discussions with Jean were held as arranged, about once a week. Bourne was always present, but Faber did most of the talking. He had a clearer grasp of the subject, and much greater facility with the language.

Lemaire contested the ground stubbornly, but he soon realized that he was losing. Week after week he studied the problems raised in the discussions, only to have his opposition overthrown by Faber's clear logic. And his sense of defeat came, not only from the "Mormon's" reasoning, but from the force of his simple, positive faith. Finally, one evening, he summed up the situation as follows:

"I admit—I am forced to—that, from a rational point of view, your arguments are irresistible. The concreteness and evident truth of the Book of Mormon as an example of divine intervention is unassailable. Hence I am forced, logically, to believe in a Supreme Being, and in the authenticity of Joseph Smith's mission. From that, I must conclude that such organization and ritual as he established must be essential to salvation, and I am reinforced in my conclusion by your very plausible explanation of their *raison d'être*. Furthermore, your conception of the soul, its past history, present status, and future destiny, summed up in your doctrine of eternal progression, lends a beauty and a solidity to your religion that I cannot resist.

"And yet you have made no emotional appeal to me. You talk in syllogisms as clear as Aristotle. I am vanquished by the arms that I chose myself.

"And yet I am not satisfied. I cannot contemplate being a member of your Church with any great degree of pleasure. I do not understand why. Perhaps you can explain it to me."

"Nothing easier in the world. I've converted your head but you absolutely will not give me a chance at your heart. Emotion

should not govern, it is true, but it should at least co-operate with reason. God's truth must touch your heart as well as satisfy your head, before you will have that conviction we call a testimony. My work with you is done. Prayer and faith must be the factors in your conversion now. I can try to help you cultivate them, and that is all. But they will come," added Faber, with earnest conviction, "I know they will come."

And they did, but it took sorrow to prepare the way.

This conversation took place a week or so before Christmas. Marie had heard the discussion that had preceded it, as she had heard all the others. In fact, so absorbed had she been with her study of "Mormonism"—and a "Mormon"—that she had quite severed connection with her old religious associations. She had not been to a Catholic church for weeks.

But now the holidays were approaching. The many fetes, and ceremonies, fostered by the Catholic church in connection with Christmas, were being heralded on every hand. All her life, the services at Christmas-tide had held for her a peculiar impressiveness, and she had always looked forward to them with awed anticipation. And now, as she observed everyone around her making preparations for them, a great uneasiness came over her.

Had she done right in abandoning the religion in which she had been reared? Was it possible that it was her blindness leading her astray? Then, too, the old love of the beautiful features of Catholicism seized her. If she left it, never again would she enjoy the mass, the confession, the worship in the big, splendid church. And her life-long friends, her old confessor, dear old Pere Lebrum! all of them would shun her! What, *what* was the right thing for her to do?

Her distress of mind increased as Christmas day drew near, until she finally determined to test once for all the effect that a return to Catholicism would have upon her. She would attend the midnight mass in her old church, Christmas eve. She persuaded her mother and sister, who likewise had become very friendly to the "Mormon" missionaries, to join her in inviting them and Jean to attend with her, and afterward to eat the "*reveillon*" at the Rochelle home. The "*reveillon*" is an elaborate repast, served in the early hours of Christmas morning. It is just as much enjoyed and as important as our Christmas dinner.

The missionaries accepted, as did Lemaire. The party arrived at the church about eleven o'clock and found it almost filled. They were compelled to take seats very near the rear.

Marie drew somewhat apart from the others, as though to be unobserved. She carried her prayer-book and rosary, and seemed unusually thoughtful, as she repeated the prayers to her-

self. This pensiveness gradually deepened into a perturbation that became almost positive distress. She was evidently struggling to attain some emotional effect that eluded her. It was as if the ceremony, heretofore so beautiful and impressive, now seemed strange, meaningless, disquieting. Why could she not harmonize herself with the spirit of it? Why did those Latin prayers, chanted in the sonorous tones of the priest, fail so utterly to strike a sympathetic chord in her heart? Her soul seemed isolated, foreign, lonely, in that vast throng. And yet, why should it? Was not this the church she had attended since childhood? Were not the people, many of them, life-long friends? Was not that her kindly priest, who had so sagaciously and lovingly guided her whole life? What change had the past few weeks wrought in her?

It was with a sigh of relief that she heard the last of the prayers, and came forward with the rest to watch the communion. Her mother and sister partook, but she stayed with the missionaries and Jean. She seemed impatient to leave. Her eyes wandered restlessly toward the door, and she only half-answered the remarks her friends made to her. Finally her mother and sister rejoined them, and they started for home.

As they left the church, she felt a sudden lightness of spirit, as if liberated from some great weight. Her sense of uneasiness left her, replaced by a feeling of relief. As she walked along she exulted more and more in this new sense of freedom, and, with characteristic mental energy, set about to analyze it.

She reached a conclusion swiftly. The change that had taken place in her was a progress of faith. Catholicism, with its partial possession of truth, no longer satisfied her. She needed the higher, greater revelation of truth. And, though still holding in affection the beauties of her religion and the friends that were so inseparably connected with it, she realized that to abandon them, and seek the fuller measure of truth, was a necessary step in her evolution, and that therein lay her duty and her joy.

"M. Faber!" she called, softly, as she stepped to his side, to walk with him, "I have something to say to you. Something very important!"

"What can it be?" he asked, smiling.

She looked at him, her eyes glowing, and her breath coming in swift, little jerks. And then, in a tone that trembled for very joy, she said:

"I am ready to be baptized!"

Bourne who was near, heard her. With a leap he was beside her.

"Marie!"

It was the first time he had called her that, the first time, in

fact, that he had showed his love in a word. As he spoke, he seized her hand.

The word, the caress, startled her, and she turned swiftly to him. For once his boyishness had left him, and he stood there, a man, passionately desiring the object of his love. For a moment she was dazed, then suddenly the meaning of it all flashed upon her. For the first time she realized how tremendously the decision she had just made, affected her love. She was his now—his, with absolutely nothing between them!

"Is it true?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"*Mais oui*, it is true! But not now!" she added, quickly, for he had made a step toward her with his arms outstretched. Her words checked him and he stopped. And then, suddenly, his bashfulness returned and plunged him into a perfect misery of awkwardness. She, however, seemed unabashed. Gliding softly to his side she slipped her hand in his, and, looking up into his eyes, with happy mischief gleaming in hers, whispered:

"Later!"

Faber looked on all the while, and gravely shook his head. That same week, Bourne was transferred to Switzerland.

* * * * *

Four months passed. In the interval the mother and sister of Marie had applied for baptism together with four others. The day for baptism was set for the latter part of April. When Faber asked Marie whom she desired to baptize her, she answered, blushing:

"Frere Bourne is thinking of coming down, is he not?"

"Frere Bourne is unavoidably detained in Switzerland," replied Faber, meaningly.

"You are a tyrant!"

"No, I am a wise man," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I suppose you are," she retorted, impatiently. "But just the same, I am angry at you. Not really, of course," she said, smiling coaxingly. And then looking away to the east, toward Switzerland, she added, wistfully: "I want so much to see him!"

"I know it," he replied, gently. "But, little girl, for your sake and for his, don't hurry matters. It will all come out all right!"

"I wish to heaven I felt that!" he muttered, as she turned mournfully away, after looking gratefully at him through two shining tears. "Bourne wants to 'make good.' But will he?"

The baptism passed off quietly and satisfactorily. All of the new members seemed happy, but none could compare with Marie. The radiance of her look as she came out of the water defies all description. Faber, as he saw it, shivered.

"What if Bourne doesn't make good!" he muttered.

Two or three days later, Jean came to see Marie, and, of course, the baptism was almost the sole subject of conversation.

"Why didn't you apply, Jean?" she asked him, once.

"I'm not ready—yet," he added, significantly. She shot him a bright glance, as she heard his reply.

"Oh, I'm so happy, Jean!" she exclaimed. "You think it's just because I'm a 'Mormon.' But it isn't. There's something else."

"What can it be?" he asked, puzzled.

"Can't you guess?"

"Haven't an idea." But he wondered why she blushed.

"M. Bourne, he—he loves me. Now we can get married. Why, Jean!"

His face had gone ghastly white. His hands, gripping the ends of his coat, worked convulsively. For a moment he struggled for control, futilely. Finally, without a word, he picked up his hat, plunged toward the door, and was gone!

Marie leaped after him, but he paid no attention to her cries. Seeing the uselessness of her attempt to get him back, she returned to the room in utter consternation. All that day she waited for an explanation from him. Finally it came, in the form of a brief, passionate note:

"So it wasn't piety after all that led you on, but only love for him. And it wasn't a convert *they* wanted, but a girl. He has proved that 'Mormons' deserve their reputation. Call this jealousy if you like, I don't care. I don't care for anything. I only know that religion has once more proved itself a farce, and that I have been made a fool of in the demonstration. I trust you will wake up soon enough to find out that I was not the only one."

The note solved the mystery instantly. Why had she never guessed that Jean wasn't merely a friend and comrade! How could she have been so blind! Jean, her warm-hearted, gay, good friend was now a bitter, disappointed lover! So disappointed and bitter, that he had judged her ungenerously and unfairly!

If she had been older and wiser, Marie needn't have been surprised. She and Jean had made the world-old mistake of believing that intimate friendship can exist between a man and a woman. An impossibility, for friendship is almost entirely a masculine emotion. Even between women it is rare, and between man and woman impossible, for any length of time. The sexes can't cross except in love. So that, when you see an over-confident youth and maiden vowing eternal platonic friendship, prepare yourself either for the catastrophe of a one-sided love affair, or the blessed solution of mutual love and marriage. The only other possible contingency is that they both shall fall in love with a

third and fourth party, in which case their friendship is doomed to die of inanition. In any event, the outcome is never life-long, intimate friendship.

Jean regretted the harshness of his note, and came around the next day to say so. Marie tried to make him believe that he had judged wrongly, but it was no use.

"I had no right to speak to you that way, and I am sorry!" he said, doggedly. "But I do not think I am wrong. You may think yourself sincere, but you are being blinded by your love for him, and not genuinely converted. You will see some day—when it is too late," he added somberly.

From then on he avoided her, and needless to say, entirely eschewed the "Mormons." Faber made several efforts to communicate with him, but they proved ineffectual, and he finally abandoned hope of Lemaire's return, at any rate for a long time. Bourne's indiscretion, if such it was, was bearing its first fruit.

Faber had counseled against any correspondence between the two lovers until after Bourne's release, but the advice went unheeded. And so, sped by frequent letters full of bright hopes and tender messages, the months flew past, and Bourne was released. With hardly an hour's delay, he packed his trunk and hastened to Bordeaux and his love.

He remained there about a month. Within the first few days, Marie was wearing an engagement ring with the consent of her mother. The rest of the time the lovers spent exploring the paradise of their present bliss and rosy future. When reminded by the prudent Faber of the difficulties that confronted them, they laughed in easy confidence. To hear them, the Atlantic Ocean was a fordable river, and railroad fare mere pocket-money.

And so, when the month was up, with the promise a thousand times repeated: "in just a few months, dear," and with oaths of passionate vehemence that he never, *never* would be untrue to her, Richard Bourne said an almost gay "*au revoir*" to his sweetheart, and left for his home in Utah.

Oh, the pity of promises so valiantly made and so speedily broken! With her young heart bounding with love and high hope, even in her grief at his departure, Marie bade Richard goodbye. Only a few months later, she was to receive a letter from him, whose pitiless message was to wring that heart dry of all hope, and leave it inert in its blank despair!

* * * * *

The lack of a power to analyze his own emotions is the secret of the reaction that took place in Bourne's heart upon his arrival home. Had he at the outset carefully scrutinized the probable

causes of his affection for Marie, he would most likely have perceived that they were not of a nature necessarily to produce permanent love. Thereupon he would have submitted both her love and his to sufficient test, before he allowed matters to culminate.

Such a test was his return home, but unfortunately he applied it too late. Once there, however, he realized that his affection for the little French convert was the product of abnormal conditions. It was a compound of homesickness, social ostracism, and woman's tenderness, that every missionary misses so sorely, all stimulated by girlish charms and a strong personality. Now upon his return, all these factors were either obliterated or replaced. Homesickness and social ostracism disappeared, while mother and sister lavished a wealth of tenderness upon him. Furthermore, the girlish charms and the strong personality were double the width of an ocean away.

And so, with sickening rapidity, his valiant promises echoed fainter and fainter, and the moral chain of obligation that bound him to Marie grew weaker and weaker under the weight of excuses he put upon it, until, finally, it could hold no longer, and broke. Seizing upon the pretext that he could not afford to emigrate and support her mother and sister—a condition that Mrs. Rochelle had imposed after his departure from Bordeaux, he wrote to Marie to break the engagement.

* * * * *

A year passed. Nothing eventful had happened. For Marie it had been twelve months of bitter struggle to keep up faith and courage enough to live. She grew thinner and paler under the strain, but her beauty of face like her beauty of character never left her.

At first, she had refused to see any significance in the decreasing frequency of Richard's letters, and the growing coldness of their tone. But after a long, desolate period of silence, terminated by his abrupt request for release from the engagement, she *knew*, and with true French pride, that swelled yet wrung her heart, she wrote and ended all.

How she lived through the awful weeks that followed she never knew. But her naturally strong courage, backed by faith, and the tactful, attentive encouragement of Faber, bore her up, and she crushed the worst pain. But even at the end of the year, her eyes held the same hurt look, and the gayety of her nature was still subdued. She had come out of the struggle splendidly, but it had left a lasting mark.

Jean she saw more and more frequently, as the months went past. He seemed to haunt her footsteps, seeking in some gentle way to help her. She never talked religion with him, for he

always avoided the subject. He, too, bore the signs of his inward struggle. Sterner lines and a graver mien marked him, but otherwise he seemed unchanged.

One day, Marie met him while returning home. They walked some distance, chatting pleasantly, when suddenly Marie said:

"Jean, the branch is going on an excursion tomorrow. I wish you would come."

To her intense surprise, he answered, promptly:

"I shall!"

She looked at him astonished, and then, giving him her hand to say goodbye, she said, with a smile that was very sweet, even though a bit wistful:

"I'm so glad! Really, you don't know *how* glad. *Au revoir, alors.*"

She wondered all the rest of the evening why he had accepted her invitation. She did not know that her sister had met Jean the previous evening, and in a burst of confidence told him all about Marie and Bourne. It would have prepared her somewhat for the change in his attitude.

The place chosen for the excursion was a little strip of forest to which the branch had often gone while Bourne was at Bordeaux. This was a painful circumstance for Marie. Every turn in the road held something to which was attached an episode in which he had figured. Yet, though every step brought a heartache, she struggled bravely to hide her pain until they had reached the little grove. But once there and unobserved, she slipped away to a small cluster of trees at a little distance, and, sinking with deep sobs to the ground, cried out his name in little moans.

Suddenly she heard a rustle nearby. Looking up, she saw Jean. He had missed and followed her. Sympathy, longing, bitterness, and a great love burned in his face. She felt strongest of all the love and sympathy, for she burst out, sobbing:

"O Jean, Jean, how I loved him! and oh how it hurts!"

"Why did you give him your love?" he cried, sinking down beside her.

"I could not help it, Jean. It seemed,—why it seemed like a gift of God!"

"Oh the coward, the quitter—"

"*Non, non, mon ami*, you mustn't say that. He wasn't bad, he was only weak. He thought he loved me and he meant to keep his word. And I could have kept his love if I'd had half a chance. But he was away from me, his parents have worked on him—you see, I am a French girl—until now he no longer loves me. If I could only go to him! But I can't, I can't!"

"Sometimes," said Jean, in a low, tense voice, "I curse the very day we ever heard of this thing called 'Mormonism!'"

"Ah, don't say that, Jean, you mustn't!"

"I do! To me it has brought only unrest and distrust of myself. To you it has brought—this!"

"*Non, non*, Jean! That is not true." She had risen to her feet now, and so had he. She stood looking at him intently, as if by that look to force him to believe. In her voice was a rapturous certitude that stirred his very soul.

"It is not 'Mormonism' that has made me suffer. True, 'Mormonism' brought him here, but he alone is to blame for his weakness. Had he lived it, 'Mormonism' would have made him strong and big of soul. *Non, non*, Jean, I have suffered, suffered so that there seemed nothing left in me to bear the pain, but through it all I have been kept sane by this one thing: the firm, rational assurance that all this agony isn't in vain, and that sometime I shall understand the reason for it. Don't ever curse 'Mormonism,' *mon ami*. It has helped me to fight the hardest battle of my life, and oh, how I thank God for it!"

He gazed at her, fascinated. Then, sinking down and grasping her hand, he said, brokenly:

"Oh, my dear love, what would I not give for that faith. Is there no way—no way?"

"There is, Jean, dear," she said, in sudden tenderness. Then, still clasping his hand, she knelt beside him, and with the simplicity of a child, laid their problem before their Maker. And He must have solved it, for when they arose, the heart of each was light, and they smiled.

There was silence between them for a moment, and then Marie, turning toward him, saw Jean looking at her intently. She flushed, but going to him bravely, she took his hand:

"You—you love me, *n'est-ce pas?*"

He bowed his head, unable to speak.

"Well!" she said, in a low, sweet, voice, "perhaps it was not meant that I should love him—over there. Faith has come to you, has it not, Jean?" He nodded. "Then," in a still lower tone, "may it not be that the love that you want shall come too?"





Chapter XVII—The First Echoes

The midwinter trip, on which Ben had gone only twice before, now became his responsibility. He started with heavy packs of Navajo corn, about the nineteenth of January, expecting to meet Jud at Slickhorn, a place two days distant on the lower trail to Pagahrit.

The sandhills, though bearing but an inch of snow, had never looked so bleak and desolate before, and never before had Ben started over them to travel so far alone. The distant west, towards the junction of the two rivers, had a dreary expression, and the blue cold mist of winter rested on the whole length of jagged horizon.

No dog followed the outfit, and young Rojer's intimate horse-friends being gone, there was neither human nor brute ear to hear his lonesome emotions longing for expression. Buck was the sole veteran of the old force; Snip and Ready had been bought the previous summer, and Jings was hardly more than a broncho. Of course, any one or all of these last three might creep into his affections as Alec and Flossy had done, but now they were strange, they knew no familiar tom-boy tricks, or horse-expressions of love; they simply jogged prosily along, while their master fairly ached to see someone or something that could answer, if no more than a dog to wag its tail and raise an attentive ear.

A mile above Rincone, where the trail winds in and out of a cottonwood fringe along the river, a Navajo and squaw came in sight from somewhere below. They rode tandem, and on the lope, true Navajo fashion, nor slacked their pace till they stopped on one jump within ten feet of Ben. The leader proved to be Jimmy, dapper and tall, ornamented with silver buckles and buttons and trinkets from head to foot, and as tickled at meeting

young Rojer as the puppy that wags his whole body and dances with delight.

Both horses were plump and fat, the saddles newly made, the bridles silver-mounted, but nothing in the rich fitout compared with the beaming faces and thoroughly happy smiles of this Navajo youth and the girl that followed him.

The brown and the white hand had no more than struck in a friendly shake, each greeting the other with "*Si vekiss*," when Ben asked, "Your sister?"

"*Doc tah*," said the Navajo, slowly and emphatically, and feigning to be offended, "my wife." Then he told her to come up and shake hands with his brother. It probably didn't comport with her Navajo pride, but she gave her dainty hand, glittering with rings and bracelets, and looked down with a titter of embarrassment while Ben shook it. Of course she was brown—mildly brown, like the light-complexioned of her people, but her face bore lines of rare beauty—the shy, innocent beauty of perhaps eighteen.

Young Rojer had no intention of permitting his sorrows to taint this happy atmosphere; in fact, he felt so completely captivated and carried away, that he nearly forgot he had any sorrows. He smiled his heart-felt pleasure, and wished them every good thing he could think of; and he came within one of telling them how he would like to stay with them and keep in the light of their happiness.

But Jimmy could not be side-tracked from asking about Fred Rojer. Ben shook his head, and told the whole story in one word. The two dusky faces became sympathy at once. The bridegroom, in a soothing voice, offered such consolation as his religion and philosophy might suggest, intimating, among other things, that the loving spirit of the father would follow the son.

When it occurred to young Rojer that the greater part of his day's journey lay still ahead, he said *adios* to Brother and Sister Baneehlizhen and traveled on. Their words and smiles, and the mental snapshot taken of them on their mustangs served to beguile the weary miles up Comb Wash. They lived under the trees and on the sandhills; they perhaps had a profitable flock of sheep and a band of horses; and their *hogan*, on the scenic river bank, or up among the sheltering cliffs, was no doubt an ideal lover's retreat, surrounded by all the wild fancies which gave charm to Hiawatha's wigwam. Ben fairly envied them both.

Where the trail turns westward from Comb Wash into the eastern foothills of the Cedar Ridge, the country is always desolate and forbidding. Ben Rojer had been struggling on the ragged edge of despondency for two miles before he turned into that trail, and when he reached it, the desolation of the surrounding hills seemed to concentrate in his mind. A feeling of utter lone-

liness came over him as he looked forward at the chilly winter mist hovering on the distant summit. He felt the downright lack of heart to camp alone in that snowy forest ahead, without so much as a devoted dog to see him recline to rest, or stay lovingly near through the long night.

After all, the best of men are much like driven cattle: they do the thing which they are compelled to do. It was easy for Ben, tall and proud, to stand like the Pharisee, and hark to the intangible Voice of comfort; but to kneel like the Publican, and implore the return of that Voice when it had been grieved to silence, was of late a matter strangely difficult to him. At home



THE EASTERN BRAKES OF THE CEDAR RIDGE, IN THE WILDS WEST OF
COMB WASH, SAN JUAN, UTAH

he had friends and companions and company and comfort, till he almost forgot how he loved the Intangible. When it left him, or why, or whether it left him at all, he took no trouble to ask till the trail turned up over the hills to the west from Comb Wash.

Still he knew by virtue of many an intense experience that there really was an Intangible; that it had positive characteristics; that it held the keys of his welfare, and was a force more potent and actual, than any ridicule or argument men might bring against it. He knew how the J B fellows would laugh at the idea—he almost heard them as he rode along, and almost blushed with the possibility of their disclosing his old secret.

The day wore on, and the blue haze grew colder as Ben approach it. The mists of gloom thickened around him, and he reasoned more earnestly about the dear voice of solitude, which

now said nothing to his listening soul. He reached the crisis, of course, reined Snip to a standstill, kicked the fluffy snow from the dry leaves under a cedar, and clearing a place big enough to kneel, dropped down upon it, chaps, spurs and all.

Snip's horse-mind may have wondered in a vague way, to whom his master spoke, as there in the little patch of bare ground he held the reins and tried to see through the shades of melancholy around him. Also it may be a matter of merriment to some who read, but let them laugh only who, from the tenderness of their childhood, have been schooled in the stern silence of a wide solitude.

When young Rojer's earnest words had floated away on the quiet chill of that winter afternoon, a change took place in his feelings—a change as real and as welcome as the smiling pair he had met that morning on their honeymoon.

What the Voice said or sang, and just how it did it without sound in such a way as to reach and soothe young Rojer's mind, is not easily explained. But something touched his thoughts, or his recollection, and he seized eagerly upon the sentiment of that touch:

"Pa told me I'd be left alone—that it was necessary to my manhood; and he worried his dear old head for fear I'd fail. He feared I would lack the grit and vinegar to stand alone. But I don't! No, sir-ee!"

All the same, when he hauled up in front of that identical cave on the eastward slope of the Ridge, and saw the dry pine twigs where he lay sleeplessly listening to a hoot-owl four months before, his courage flickered like a candle in a breeze. He saw the black coals of that same old fire, strewn about on the road, and the same old cloud of woe, like a thing waiting in ambush, seemed ready to move out and envelop him. He hesitated like the arm of a balance when it may move up or down, nor saw so much as the friendly wag of a dog's tail to cheer him upward.

But the great Something of the wilderness had been engaged for this occasion, and in its magic, mysterious way, it touched the motor nerve of Ben's tongue, and caused it resolutely to repeat, "But I don't! No, sir-ee!"

To those who never have known the Intangible, it would be hard to describe how that cave and the trees in its mouth, assumed an expression of sociability and friendliness as the light of the camp-fire fell upon them. And how from that overhanging wall and those spreading cedars, there came the echo of loving words, and brave, manly sentiments, expressed many times by the departed Fred Rojer, is not to be explained, but simply told, as a matter plain only to those who, by the necessity of their sorrow, have learned to know it for themselves.

That cave became a haven of rest to the solitary traveler, with

comforting voices of love-songs and courage. The winter wind, sighing over the cliff-brow above, bade him welcome to the forest of the Cedar Ridge, and assured him that every tree in its vast, wide area was his particular friend. He ate a hearty supper, sang that soothing old hymn, "God is love," and, after kneeling in the warm sand, by the fire, crawled into his cosy blankets, feeling cheered and comforted as by the personal presence of a cave-full of friends. They told him to sleep secure; that his horse would not stray away, and that no troublesome thing would disturb the peace of his camp.

When the fire died down, and darkness crept in around that solitary bed, behold someone there, yet not there, bending lovingly over the sleeping figure; and a hand reached upward in the stillness to shake another hand, present only by a sweet influence. In the dark, quiet hours when Ben awakened, he heard the coarse tinkling of old Buck's bell up in the flat, and he felt the kind presence of that Something still in his cave. It soothed him again to sleep with a lullaby not unlike the gentle voice which used to bless his rest in the old trundle-bed.

Slickhorn is on the westward slope of the ridge, fitting closely into the ram's-horn turns of the deep, dry chasm known as Lower Grand Gulch. It was late in the afternoon, on the eastern brow of that gulch that Ben met Jud, and the two made camp in a clump of cedars.

The crow-feet eyes stood for kindness more than ever before—a genius of kindness which bristled with grit and resolution to stand gamely up in all forms of reverse. Jud had troubles of his own, of course, for be it known that since he came up into the firelight of Ben's acquaintance, nearly seven years before, at Pagahrit, he had become the head of a little family, and the owner of a big debt. Yet he maintained his chivalrous bearing, nor cared a rap for his tattered wardrobe, so different from the dashing buckskin fringe and gaudy apparel of his singleness.

"Oh, you're doin' all right," he affirmed, when the subject came up, "I was thinkin' jest today thit you're exactly the feller tu git the good out uv this change. All our trials are cal'lated fer our good, and the more straight up and down the trial, the more the good. This'll be the makin' uv you."

While Fred Rojer lived and moved in Ben's world of tangible friends, he towered like a son of Anak high above them all; and it may be that even Jud could never have been other than small in comparison. However that may be, the ride from Grand Gulch to Pagahrit, with but one tangible human creature on the whole horizon of young Rojer's vision, served to prove that one a greater and wider and warmer soul than a seven-years' acquaintance had indicated.

It is true that some elements of gallantry, and buckskin fringe,

and broncos and branding-irons, had come to notice casually during that time, but the greater Jud Hiles had hidden modestly behind those things, till young Rojer's loneliness invited him out. The *tuck* and *putt* and *sich*, of an off-hand, slip-shod vocabulary, had not been employed to express the feelings of true friendship which Ben now heard. Fred Rojer had heard them, for he knew "Jud was a friend to depend upon."

When they unpacked under the old tree at the lake, the cliff and the fence and a host of familiar things started a long string of tender recollections, and young Rojer had to bite his lip while they finished caring for the horses and arranging the furniture of camp.

Naturally enough, he stole away with the first chance to his



A VIEW IN LOWER GRAND GULCH, SAN JUAN CO., UTAH

cave, the mouth of which looked like a doubtful shadow on the gray background of the naked limbs. Those leafless limbs had none of the old warblers among them, and the place in general bore a woebegone expression, as the cowboy climbed the hill and crossed the little reef which marked the boundary of his strange den.

Cold and quiet reigned within. A bleak winter wind moaned over the gulch, and echoed in the lonely caves of Pagahrit. The days of warmth and birds and flowers seemed suddenly far away, and "Pa's" kind face and words were as the best features of a happy dream rudely disturbed. Ben sat on a cold stone, looking forlornly into the cheerless corners of the cavern, and as at other

times, began to review the story from the start with his father and Stripes and Bowse for the wild cliff-country of western San Juan county. He went over the whole saw-tooth period, from Peavine and Soorowitz, through the sunny and rainy days to the time on the rock-knoll, where fate seemed to glare angrily at him, threatening to take all that made life tolerable, and give all that had filled it with dread. He reviewed the steps of his calamity thus far, and sinking sorrowfully on to one knee, bowed bitterly over the other, his face on his wrists. "And the end is not yet," he groaned, "I am not yet alone, and Soorowitz is not in sight."

He wished his misery might find vent in tears, but, no—the ready tears of the little Ben Rojer had poured out on the bleaching bones of hill and sand-bar, and the tall Ben Rojer, dry-eyed and silent, stood up to the sterner things his childhood had never known. "Oh, voice of Solitude!" he pleaded, "I found you here in times past. Oh, come to me now in my desolation!" His words struck the dry walls of the cave in a hoarse whisper.

The past, with its shape determined, could quite fill his cup of itself, and with the suspense of an unshaped, ill-boding future, he half conceded it was too much to bear alone. But much it takes to fit human ears for the voice of the great Intangible, and when, in his grief, he reached a certain stage, a still pleasing something, in its incomprehensible way, sent trailing through his mind a brave thought:

"Better men than I have borne worse things than this with good grace. Trials make men, and men bear all that is, and wait bravely for all that is to be. I can bear all that is—yes, and I can face all that's coming, even if it takes the scalp along with it. I've the grit to do it; yes, sir-ee. Mine is the strength of a man, not a thing."

He made another notch below the old date on the wall, and rising to his full height, stalked down from the cave with a firmness that sank his high boot-heels into the hillside.

"Well, how yu feelin' now?" Jud enquired, looking up from a frying-pan of bacon.

At ordinary times young Rojer would have cheated the question with an empty or misleading answer, but now, bubbling over with the warmth of soul his cave inspired, he unbosomed himself with a freedom which the mind is likely to regret, if ever it becomes cold and conventional again. "I feel mighty thankful for your company," he said, frankly.

Jud looked down half plagued, with something strangely moist in his brown, crowfeet eyes. "Well, Ben," he declared with emphasis, "I tuck a fancy to you when yu was a sorry little ol' kid on that buckskin pony, an' I've liked yu ever since. I've always bleeved there was somethin' to yu, and now I bleeve it all the more."

Actual brothers could have worked together no more smoothly and agreeably than Jud and Ben worked on that trip. It being no round-up, but simply a ride among the cattle, they finished each short day's work with the daylight thereof, and spent hours and hours in shelter by the camp-fire, cultivating a friendship which grew like a sunflower in June. They beguiled those long evenings with stories and songs. Jud discovered young Rojer's bias for a certain hymn, and its mild notes floated away from their camp-fire into the chill winter wind. That they had been so long together and so little acquainted is only another proof that we may see our friends without knowing who they are, till a change of condition points them out. The boy had unconsciouslyaped the man, and the man had admired the boy seven years without an acknowledgment.

On that trip, as on no other, Ben heard a re-echo of his father's words from every trail and camp-ground. In the corral and the pasture, along the lake shore, and in every part of the range, he found the dear old voice petrified on the desert air. In Lake Gulch, the affair of Josh and Bowse, and the blister-footed tramp through the jungle came clearly to mind. But bigger than any feature on that day came a voice with undying force from the cliff or the black-willows: "Son, I want you to be a man, not a thing."

From Little Mountain to The Idols, from West Bench to the Old Crossing, trees, stones and sandhills echoed again the details of days gone by. At each turn in the trail, and from the juniper on the hillside, the same persuasive voice floated to Ben's ears: "Be true, son: I've always hoped for you." When he found himself gazing wistfully at the horizon, and singing his home-made song, "A voice is calling," he would muse, unconsciously to himself, "Yes, he's waiting for me—he's waiting for me to become a man and meet him in the hazy distance."

The good or the evil in a thing is made clear by contrast; young Rojer heard voices which came not from the Intangible, nor yet as the pleasing echo of any brave word. For often in the dark, still hours of night, he started from his sleep and raised on his elbow in blank bewilderment; he looked at the snow-covered objects all around, listened to the coarse tinkle of Buck's bell, and to the cold wind in the naked limbs. Then he discovered Jud's bed near by, and slowly recalled how the past had slipped away, and taken his chief comfort with it. "Oh, he's gone! he's gone!" he would whisper to himself, "he's nowhere to be found in all the world!" And burying his face in his pillow, as if to find quick refuge in sleep, he would feel that bitterness of desolation which only they may appreciate whose best friend has gone from the land of the living.

Chapter VIII—Parting of the Ways.

It is not our purpose here to consider what Ben Rojer did at home, unless those doings concern the wilds of Pagahrit or the great Intangible. After his father's death he went no more to the district school, but stuffing his saddle-pockets with gems from the poets and the scriptures, he entrusted to Shakespeare and the prophets and the Voice of solitude, the task of directing his own diligence into all the mental growth he might hope to make.

He believed sincerely that the choicest truth in the minds of men comes directly from the Intangible; that prophets and poets and philosophers hark earnestly in the deep silence, and give their fellows what they hear. "The man who learns only from books is only a parrot, at best," he reflected, turning instinctively in his thoughts to the weazened, tissue-paper man who taught the district school:

"He couldn't possibly ride a real, live mustang, and he couldn't see anything wonderful in the noblest horse on earth. He doesn't know the sweet smell of the wild flowers, nor the sweet songs of the wild birds; and if he should be dropped down alone among the wild hills, their great, majestic voice 'ud kill 'im sure."

Young Rojer admired Tennyson and Longfellow, and he loved those writers who heard "a still small voice," and listened that they might put its words in a wonderful book, to be handed down as a sacred thing from ancient generations. "It is a still voice that I hear," he mused, "and it is also a small voice,—so small that sometimes I can hardly hear it at all. I believe it's the same thing."

It was about the sixth of May when the Rojer outfit, or more properly speaking, the Rojer and Hiles outfit, climbed Clay Hill and jogged down the trail to Castle Gulch on their way to the spring round-up. Juan Rido worked for Ben, and Jud had a "new hand" along, making four riders in all.

Jud's man became famous, if not really infamous, on that trip for moving slow, doing nothing, and sulking ninety-nine per cent of the time. But Juan, with his double-action and hickory-hearted buckskin, was exactly the other way in every respect. His everlasting song, "*Chili con carne y leche con pan*," had the swing and time of the unfagging trot he kept up from daylight till dark. He reminded Ben of the slim black timber ants in Lake Gluch, that scorned any gait slower than a brisk lope.

Excepting a ghost or a goblin, and possibly the Catholic *padre* to whom he confessed his sins, there was no shape of man or beast in Juan's narrow world of knowledge or fancy that ever moved him with fear. It is not at all unlikely that his hickory-hearted buckskin contained seven devils, yet the black-eyed Rido saw only the vicious, murder-loving kind of a brute he delighted to ride.

He had no fear of being struck or kicked or bitten by the felonious yellow horse, but he dreaded the supernatural monsters that lurked in the dark holes of Pagahrit, especially since Flossy had evaporated so mysteriously. He smiled a weak apology for his references to "*el diablo*," whom he nevertheless believed might at any time, but particularly in the night-time, come stalking out of some shady cave or crevice.

Juan's two horses suited him to a remarkable degree. They were his first choice of all the horses in seven counties of New Mexico, and according to his own tell, he gave "ever' dem cent" he had and then went in debt to get them. He always insisted that the glass-eyed pintos could outrun anything that wore hair, and when he saw the outfit's incredulous smile, he resolved to produce the proof with the first opportunity.

That opportunity presented itself in the shape of a sleek coyote trotting over a rock-knoll ahead of the "boys," when they started one morning for Slick Rock.

Jud and Ben knew that the fixing of a purpose in Juan's mind was much like the lighting of a fuse; it meant a sudden explosion of energy towards that purpose in the very near future. However, when the coyote appeared the old Pinto nearly left the earth with his Mexican rider, wide sombrero, tangle of rope, and crisp words from the Spanish Bible, in such a bound and crash and swirl—the three fellows reigned up with a gasp to see what under the sun had happened. But they had to spur up to the top of that rock-knoll to see it, for the whole performance shifted to the other side of the knoll in a twinkling.

The contour of the country, mostly solid sandstone, was about as uniform as a frying-pan of scrambled eggs; and over it, like a grain of sizzling powder, went rope, and hat, and Pinto and Juan—the procession led by a desperate coyote, and marked behind by a trace of dust and the smoke of steel-shod hoofs striking fire from the rock. They described a figure three and two ciphers, and then understood it all with a long dash to the right, at the bitter end of which Rido turned to the outfit, snaking the game triumphantly behind him.

In the course of his approach he flipped the rope up over a limb, through the bark of which it smoked till the canine swang forward under it, and with a crashing of bones and wood and a scattering of fur, the limb and the coyote shot forward together through the air. They followed Pinto over the sand, with no motion but that produced by the jerking rope. That coyote's constitution was completely ruined, and Juan's most extravagant claims for the glass-eyed horse were established beyond all possible question.

Juan's smiles, and his unfagging trot, and his "*Chili con carne*" were the sweet flavoring of an otherwise bitter dose on that

trip, for Jud came resolved and prepared to move his entire brand to another range. The prospects of this change had a depressing effect on Ben; he regarded it as a step nearer to the evil day when he would stand alone, and see the ugly shape materialize in the distance.

"The only thing I hate about leavin' here," Judd would say, "is thit you'll be left alone. But my goin'll mean money to you—there'll be more room fer your cows when I git out."

"I'd rather have you and your cattle, ten times over, than the room you're leaving to me," young Rojer would answer, sadly, though never feeling free to tell of the dreaded things that seemed to be coming step by step towards him. To Jud's prosy, matter-of-fact mind, Ben's idea of the Intangible might suggest only the ridiculous, and he feared that telling of what he had seemed to hear would now appear as a weakness, and possibly make a breach in this cherished confidence.

All the same he loved Jud Hiles, and hoped some happy turn of affairs would stay the proposed change. That happy turn did not occur. From each day's drive, every cow with Jud's brand went into the pasture. The two friends made it a point to be together whenever they might, and put more strong spikes in the tower of their friendship. They sang Ben's favorite hymn a great deal, and while Ben enjoyed it as a stirring expression of good will, each for the other, he also heard in it a sad note of farewell—a note which rang in his ears on the heated sand hills at noonday, and when he hunted faces in the coals at night.

Ben took this, like all old troubles, to his cave—told it in sorrow to the echoing solitude, made another notch on the wall, and resolved to bear it as a part in the program not to be avoided. He told it in silence to each solitary place from Little Mountain to The Idols; he confided it to the flowers of spring, and the birds that sang on the sand hills. He whispered it in Snip's intelligent ear, and looked through the kind windows of the horse-soul for sympathy.

From the top of many a rock-knoll, while waiting for the boys or scanning the country for cattle, he moaned his home-made song to the distance with no definite meaning but the longing of soul for safety from an unshaped, impending disaster. Sometimes he mused vaguely, "He's waiting for me, and it may be that from these very sand hills I shall take my flight, leaving these bones to bleach in the sun, and bearing, like Stripes and Alec, a peculiar mark in the skull." Then looking at the flowers and grass and the bloom-covered bush on the hill-side, "To be 'resolved to earth and enrich their growth,' is no mean ending if it must be so," he reflected.

The round-up came to a close in good order, and the spotted herd, like a great blanket on the sand, moved slowly onward over

Castle Hill, and up Castle Wash. Aside from a fruitless attempt to hold up a small bunch in the mouth of Horse Canyon, nothing out of the ordinary interrupted the slow monotonous movement down Clay Hill, over the desert and into the forest of the Cedar Ridge.

When the market steers were cut from the herd, and Ben started with them in one direction, Jud went with his stock-cattle over another trail. There was time only for hurried *adios*, and a parting on the lope.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Elder Virgil A. Fjeld, secretary of the Trondhjem Conference, Norway, writes: "We are so far north that there is one continual day for two months during the summer. Our conference is in a very prosperous condition, though handicapped by not having a hall to hold meetings in. While the people do not like the 'Mormons' they treat us with great respect and we are doing a great deal to remove prejudice. We have eight elders on an average laboring here during the winter.



Elders. top row: T. W. Jensen, Manassa, Colo.; L. W. Johnson, Mori; E. R. Sorensen, Axtel; L. L. Larsen, Salt Lake City; E. A. Cramer, Huntsville; V. A. Fjeld, Lehi, Utah; bottom row: L. Hansen, Bear River City, Utah; J. H. Nielsen, Lincoln, Idaho, Conference President; Martin Christopherson, Mission President; H. K. Anderson, Salt Lake City."

Courage

BY ANTHONY W. IVINS, OF THE QUORUM OF TWELVE APOSTLES

Moral courage is that quality which enables one to stand without wavering for that which he believes to be right, to obey the voice of conscience regardless of the ridicule or contempt of the world.

Physical courage may be defined as the quality which enables a man to face evil without fear, or if fear exists to overcome it, and stand firm in emergency where danger threatens.

Combined, moral and physical courage give us the ideal man. The influence of such a man, and the power for good which he may wield in his neighborhood, his state or nation cannot be estimated. Struggling for the right, with the courage of his convictions, he inspires those who are around him, with the result that many battles which appear lost are won, critical and difficult situations overcome, and victory snatched from what seemed to be sure defeat.

Just as courage is contagious so is cowardice. The influence of one courageous man has often moved a multitude to action, just as a well disciplined army of brave men has been thrown into panic and confusion by the act of a coward.

At the battle of Winchester the appearance of General Sheridan was sufficient to rally the broken Union lines, check retreat, and win a battle which appeared to be irrevocably lost. It was a splendid example of physical courage.

Greater still was the act of Arnold Winkelried when, at the battle of Sempach, he commended his family to the care of his comrades and rushed upon the Austrian spears, that a way to liberty might be provided for his countrymen through that living wall of steel.

When Martin Luther stood before the Diet at Worms, and was asked to retract his denunciations of the church, or suffer excommunication, and perhaps death, he made that imperishable answer: "Except I be convinced by reason, and by the scripture, I neither can nor will retract anything, for my conscience is a captive to God's Word, and I have learned that it is dangerous to go against conscience. There I take my stand, I can do no otherwise, so help me God—Amen!"

What a strength such an example affords to every man who loves the right!

Many examples of courage have come under the observation of the writer in his frontier experiences, examples of sublime courage, and abject cowardice. Asked to relate one of these instances, he has chosen the following.

During the year 1865 the Navajo Indians were at war with the Government. Hard pressed in their own country, the North-eastern part of Arizona and North-western New Mexico, small parties of Indians came across the Colorado River and made raids upon the white settlers who had located in the extreme southeastern part of Utah.

In the early part of January, 1866, the people of St. George were startled by the report that Dr. James M. Whitmore, father of Hon. George C. Whitmore, of Nephi, and Robert McIntire, a brother of our fellow townsmen Samuel and William H. McIntire, had been killed by Indians, at Pipe Springs, where they were engaged in ranching.

In April of the same year Joseph and Robert Berry, with the wife of the latter, were killed near Short Creek, about twenty-five miles west from Pipe Springs.

Because of these and other depredations, the people were called in from outlying settlements and exposed ranches, to places of safety.

Nathan C. Tenney had established a ranch at Short Creek where he built a house, but in common with others had abandoned it, and moved to Toquerville, about twenty-five miles distant.

In December, 1866, three horesmen rode out from Toquerville, their destination being the Short Creek Ranch. They were fairly well mounted, and in those early days would have been considered well armed. Nathan C. Tenney carried an old-fashioned cap-and-ball pistol. Enoch Dodge was armed with a light, muzzle-loading rifle. The third member of the party, Ammon M. Tenney, was a mere boy, with black hair, dark eyes and a slender body. He carried an old style six-shooter, and was going with his father to look for horses which had strayed from Toquerville back to the ranch.

The party reached Short Creek without incident, and spent the night at the ranch house. The following morning they rode out on the Pipe Spring trail to the place where the Berry Brothers had been killed, and after looking over the ground, went on and soon found the horses for which they were hunting.

Not far from them was one of those peculiar hills, or ridges, so common on the Short Creek range. By some convulsion of nature these ridges have been forced up, leaving an abrupt face of rock, often impossible of ascent, on the east or north, while on the west or south they gradually dip to the plains below so that approach to the top of the cliffs from that side is easy.

At the foot of one of these bluffs, a corral had been constructed to which the horses, eight in number, were driven and hurriedly caught and necked together. Signs indicating to the trained eyes of these experienced frontiersmen that Indians were in the neighborhood had been observed and commented upon, and

that feeling of anxiety which comes to men who sense impending danger that cannot be seen was intense.

The horses were driven from the corral and headed toward home, when the white men found themselves face to face with eight Navajos. The Indians, spread out in semi-circle, occupied the plain, while the white men retired to the protection of the cliffs to which reference has been made. What was to be done? That the Indians meant to kill them was plain to the two men. Their weapons, consisting of bows and arrows and a few guns, were made ready as they taunted and denounced the white men.

To Nathan C. Tenney, a man who had many times looked death in the face, the situation appeared desperate, hopeless. With the impassable cliffs behind, and Indians in front, what chance had they to escape? The boy proposed that all of the horses be killed and used as a breastwork, and that they fight. The father urged that their ammunition would soon be exhausted and they slaughtered. He thought it possible to compromise by giving up their horses.

The boy spoke to the Indians in Spanish, which language he had learned in California, and found that he was understood. A parley ensued, and one of the Indians, a stalwart man, leaving his arms, came out into the circle and invited the boy to meet him there and arrange terms of capitulation. Removing his pistol the boy was about to comply when his father restrained him. "My son," he said, "that powerful man will pick you up and carry you away, and then they will kill us."

At this juncture the cliffs echoed with warwhoops, and to their dismay the men saw eight additional Indians riding furiously down the plain toward them, their long hair streaming out behind as they unslung their guns and quivers.

"Resistance is now useless," said the elder Tenney. "What hope have we against sixteen well armed and mounted men?" It was at this juncture that the courage and leadership of the boy asserted itself. Drawing his pistol, he turned down the trail at the base of the bluff, and, striking the spurs deep into his horse's sides, and crying "Follow me!" rode straight on, the Indians who confronted him, firing as he went. The two men followed. Against this intrepid charge, the Indians gave way, and the race for life began. Thus, for more than a mile they rode, the three on the trail, sheltered to the west by the bluff, while the Indians, who were in front of them, behind them, and on the plain to the east, kept up a constant fusillade of shots as they ran.

Several times the boy, who was a superb horseman, and better mounted, had opportunity to outstrip his pursuers and escape, as often he returned to encourage his father and Dodge to be brave and come on. He was thus riding in advance when a sharp

cry from his father caused him to look back to see both horse and rider rolling in the dust. The Indians, with bows bent to the arrow-heads, were bearing down on his father in a body. Without a moment's hesitation the boy turned and spurred his horse between his father and the on-rushing savages, discharging his pistol in the very faces of the men nearest him. The Indians wavered, scattered, and, falling on the opposite side of their horses, discharged a volley at the boy.

His father declared that he had been shot, and Dodge, also having been wounded by a bullet, they implored the boy to escape and go to his mother. Instead of doing this, he assisted his father to his feet, and turning the horses loose, with the saddles on, urged the men to climb to the rocks above. For a few moments the attention of the Indians was attracted to the loose horses and during this time the boy succeeded in getting the men up into the rocks, where he covered their retreat, while the Indians, riding by at the foot of the bluff, in single file, kept up a constant fire on him.

When the upper ledge was reached, the situation again looked hopeless, the cliff presented an obstacle which the men declared it would be impossible to pass, but the boy, undismayed, made the effort and succeeded. He then took hold of the gun, and while his father held on, he pulled, and Dodge pushed until he reached the top where he fell unconscious. With the gun, he then pulled Dodge to the summit.

A hasty examination showed that the father had not been shot, as he thought, but that the fall from the horse had dislocated and badly bruised his shoulder. Dodge had been shot in the leg. The boy lay down on his back, took his father's hand in his, and placing one foot on the neck, the other in the arm pit, with a quick and strong twist, brought the dislocated joint back into place. He then placed his hands upon the head of his father, and in a few well-chosen words, laid their condition before the Lord, and prayed that his father might be restored. The man arose and they retreated a short distance to the west where they concealed themselves in some loose rocks. They had scarcely done so when they heard the patter of the feet of Indians, on the very rocks under which they had taken refuge.

Darkness came on and with it the Indians left them, thinking, undoubtedly, that they had made good their escape and were far away. When it appeared safe, they came out from their hiding place, and, guided by the boy, slowly made their way to Duncan's Retreat, from which place they were taken to their home by friends.

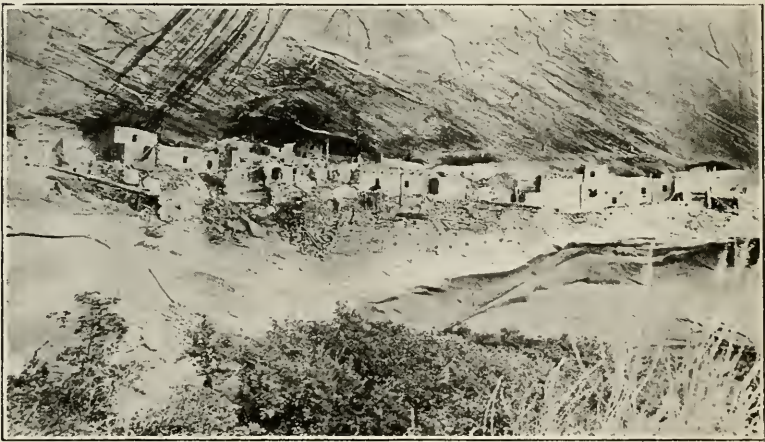
The boy still lives, a courageous, devoted man, but never since, and probably never again, will a crisis arise demanding the inspiring exhibition of courage here recounted.

Discoveries on the Colorado

BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, MEMBER OF THE UTAH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION OF 1913, FORMERLY PRINCIPAL MONROE HIGH SCHOOL

I—The Agriculture of the Cliff Dwellers

That the inhabitants of our great Southwest have not always been nomadic savages, that the god of war has not always been their ruling deity, that their ambition and enterprise led them even beyond the quiet comforts of a pastoral life, is proved by the unwritten history which the ancient occupants of the country have left for the archaeologist to read. It is the Cliff Dwellers to whom reference is made—the Cliff Dwellers, a peaceful, industrious, intelligent, agricultural people who, perhaps nearly, or quite, a thousand years ago, occupied more than eighty millions of acres



THE KITSIL CLIFF DWELLING,
Containing 148 rooms, Sagi Canyon, Arizona

of then fertile and productive land in southeastern Utah, northern Arizona, and parts of Colorado and New Mexico.

The Utah archæological expeditions, led by Dean Byron Cummings, of the University of Utah, have discovered many facts concerning the life of this mysterious people. The expedition of 1913 has recently completed a most successful summer's work, resulting

in much additional information being gathered, particularly along the lines of the occupational, religious and social life of the people of whom we still know so little. To the Latter-day Saint the origin of the Cliff Dweller is satisfactorily explained; to others it is still a problem, although ethnologists seem to be pretty well agreed as to the Asiatic origin of the Cliff Dwellers as well as the modern Indian tribes. Why they came here, how they came here, and the details of their fortune subsequently, are explained only by the Book of Mormon. The archæologist finds vague, indefinite traces of a great migration in this direction; a conquest here; a fusion there, and an extinction yonder, but of very little of which he can be absolutely sure.



Mummy of a Cliff Dweller with Relics Buried with him.

The Navajo Indians, who now inhabit much of the country, have hazy legends of a great migration of their forefathers at a time out of mind. They have legends referring to a people in a far off land whose brothers they are. They tell of a time when the two continents of North and South America were not connected and that the junction was brought about by the falling of the body of a large giant across the gap where it still remains. They point to the petrified rocks of Arizona as scattered pieces of the great giant's bones.

In a country where game is scarce and wild fruits are not plentiful, man in order to survive must resort to agriculture. Such a country is the home of the ancient occupants of the western desert. When the Cliff Dwellers held sway, however, there must have been considerably more moisture for their thirsty crops than at present. It is evident that there was then a more extensive growth of forest trees than is now possible. Large, ancient cisterns and reservoirs have been found where now it would be impossible to fill them for lack of water. Further, large villages were then located near water sources that now yield barely enough water for a few persons to drink. Plainly, the Cliff Dweller was able to produce more prolific crops than the country in its present arid condition will produce for the Navajo, Ute, Zuni and Hopi. In all America there is not such another expanse of arid waste. It was thus when found by the Spanish explorers early in the sixteenth century. It was these gold seekers who gave the country the name *Arida Zona* (arid zone), from which name is derived the name of Arizona state.

Before considering the agriculture of the Cliff Dwellers, let us take a superficial glimpse of their country as it appears today.

It is a land of mighty, wind-swept uplands, bewildering gorges, lofty mesas and a few broad valleys. On the mountains and tablelands are found dense growths of pinon, cedar, juniper, oak, birch and quaking aspen, with an undergrowth of chaparral and bushes of wild berries. On the lower levels, scattered tufts of grass, uncouth weeds, the ever-persisting greasewood and sage, the salt bush, the Spanish bayonet and the cactus, carry on a fierce struggle for survival.

It is a land of many colors, and the Indians have aptly called it the painted desert. There is color everywhere—even in the air. The great rock cliffs have all of the hues of the spectrum. The desert sands are many-colored; the sky is a deep, yet delicate blue; the clear air acts as a prism and breaks the beams of sunlight into



PREHISTORIC MASONRY

color. The Arizona sunset is gorgeous in its blended yellows, reds and purples.

A bracing air is due to the altitude, which averages over six thousand feet. The days are scorching in the sun but delightfully cool in the shade and at night. Arizona nights are famous for their open, starry skies and exhilarating atmosphere, with the deep silence of the desert broken only by the hoot of the owl and the wail of the coyote.

Only drouth-resisting animals live in the painted desert region, and for them the life struggle is often severe. They are peculiarly adapted to the desert. They must endure heat, thirst and hunger, or perish. All the desert animals know the meaning of a water famine. Even the water drinkers know how to get along with a minimum supply. The desert mustang will go fifty

miles and more for a drink, and return to graze three days before he takes another drink. The Navajo himself has demonstrated his ability to walk for four days in a scorching sun without a drink. Jack rabbits, prairie dogs and squirrels are known to live fifty miles from the nearest water—living absolutely without water and with only dry grass and sage leaves for food. The coyote, wildcat, lion, wolf, fox, antelope, mule-deer, white tailed deer,—all lead a lean, gaunt life. Many species of reptiles and venomous spiders, centipedes and tarantulas relentlessly pursue their prey. The hydrophobia skunk, the Gila monster, and the rattlesnake are among the most feared of the poisonous biters. Birds are scarce and oppressively silent. Species known to be noisy in the north are silent in the desert. Crows, buzzards, owls, eagles, hawks, wrens, roadrunners, jays, hummingbirds, mocking birds, larks, and woodpeckers sail almost noiselessly through the air.

The Cliff Dweller, then, must have had an easier struggle for existence than the Hopi and the Navajo. But as the rainfall began to diminish, and the springs began to dry up, the corn and beans failed to mature, and the primitive tiller of the soil was forced to leave his cliff house and seek a new home in other lands or perish of famine. The few who may have remained probably met the latter fate or were absorbed or destroyed by the nomadic, warlike tribes of the north who later occupied the country. Thus probably ended the extensive primitive agriculture of those people who have left but a meager, unwritten history of their culture, in their time-ruined architecture, implements, weapons and hidden food supplies.

Being an agricultural people ourselves, we have a lively interest in our ancient neighbors who lived by the same means, and we are eager to know of the progress they made in that line.

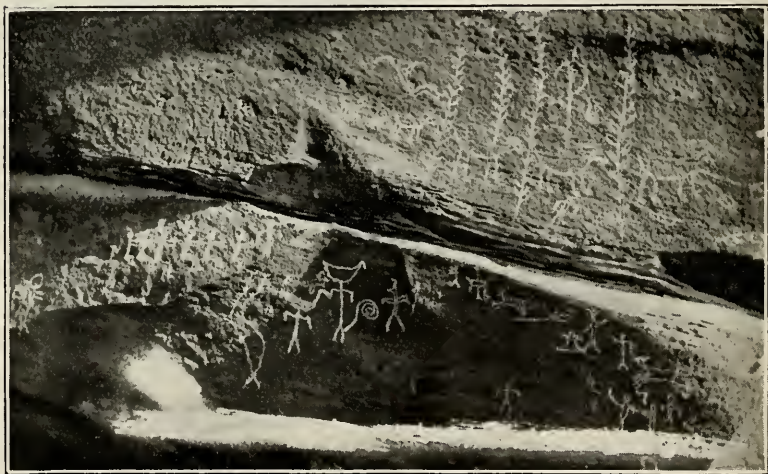
According to discoveries made up to the present there is evidence that the Cliff Dwellers raised crops of corn, squash, beans and gourds, often of large size and superior quality. The Utah expedition found considerable quantities of these staple products stored in granaries or in large ollas (storage jars) buried under the floors of dwelling rooms. Without doubt they were stored either for food or for seed and were left because of enforced hasty departure, probably at the hands of an invading foe. There is also evidence that peaches, cotton, yucca, grasses and some ex-tinct plants were cultivated.

Persistent attempts have been made to germinate these ancient seeds but all have failed. It was found, however, that some of the beans would germinate and produce fine, large vines, but singularly enough, the vines would bear no fruit. Upwards of five hundred years is too long for the life germ of the ordinary seed to survive.

The varieties of corn found are the yellow and the red. The kernels are large and full and grew on fair-sized cobs. Some of the ears of corn are superior in size to the best that can be grown in the corn belt of America today. Corn stocks of very good size show careful culture and prolific growth. Large quantities of red beans, black beans and white beans were found, stored in ollas, or scattered in the refuse of the threshing floor. Only small quantities of squash and gourd seeds were found, but numerous squash shells and gourds made into utensils are to be found in almost every house.

The only evidence we have that cotton was cultivated by the Cliff Dweller is that numerous pieces of cotton cloth, laces, cord and small bunches of raw cotton fiber are found in almost all cliff houses. But it is puzzling to observe that no cotton seed is found.

Varieties of grass seeds were harvested and used for food as is shown by samples of bread and other foods found in the ruins.



ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLERS' HIEROGLYPHICS HAVING AGRICULTURAL SIGNIFICANCE

The smaller seeds were not ground to meal, but were mixed liberally with the batter of corn flour or bean-meal.

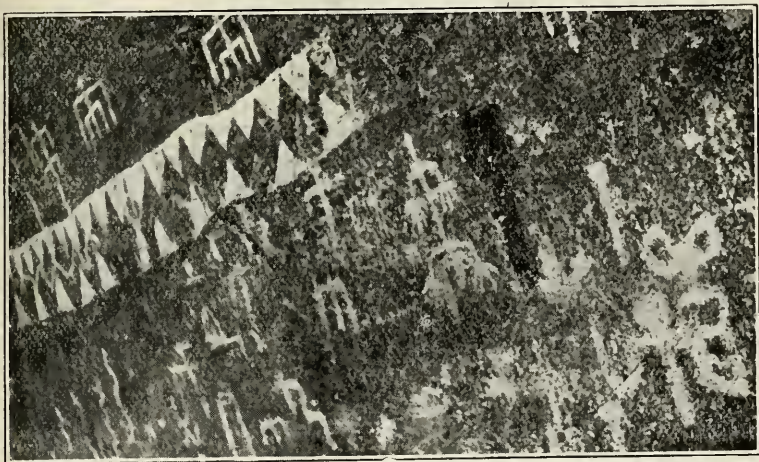
The yucca was perhaps the most valued of plants, for it bears a fruit fit for food, and the leaves furnished tough fiber which was the chief source of clothing. From the pounded fiber of the yucca, the Cliff Dweller made his robes, his sandals, his mats and his ropes. Whether or not he used the fruit as food is not certain, but we know that the modern Indians eat it with relish. Neither

is it certain that the yucca plant was cultivated. Today it grows wild over the whole southwest. It is commonly known as the Spanish bayonet and grows in the broad-leaved and narrow-leaved varieties. The root is often used by both whites and Indians as a substitute for soap.

Wild peach trees are at present found, particularly in the Sagi-ot-Sosi country, but it is not certain whether they were brought there by the early Spanish explorers or cultivated by the Cliff Dwellers. The modern Indians cultivate them and eat the fruit always before it is ripe. They also eat their squash before it is ripe, showing the savages' lack of forethought and self-denial.

The fact that Cliff Dwellers used the sunflower design on their pottery suggests the theory that they cultivated this plant for the purpose of feeding the seed to the turkey.

The Cliff Dweller seems to have had no beast of burden to aid him in his agricultural pursuits. He has left no evidence that



HIEROGLYPHICS FROM A CLIFF DWELLING IN SOUTHERN UTAH

he had any domesticated animal other than the turkey. This useful fowl shared the home of the Cliff Dweller and was of great economic importance to him. The flesh of the turkey was used for food; from the bones were made awls and other tools; articles of clothing and decoration were made from the feathers. The turkey feather robe, made from the fur of the feather ingeniously woven into a yucca warp, made a rich costume for the ancient chief or priest. These robes were also used to enshroud the dead bodies of persons of distinction. Several such bodies have been found.

These primitive farmers used other by-products of the farm in various ways. They could afford to waste nothing that cost so much patient toil to produce. Corn husks were used to make mats and were sometimes braided into rope. The stocks of the corn were probably used for fuel and were also made into door screens. Charred corn cobs in the ash heaps lead to the conclusion that they were used for fuel. The Cliff Dweller was a smoker but he seems not to have cared for the corn-cob pipe. His pipes were usually made of clay, with a reed or a hollow bone for a stem. No tobacco has been found in his home but he probably used other plants native to the country. The modern Indians are fond of smoking several species of western plants. Gourds and squash rinds were put to various uses. They served very well as vessels for carrying water, as they were neither so heavy nor so fragile as clay vessels. which they also used.

In the practice of irrigation the Cliff Dwellers seem to have been past masters. This knowledge was probably a heritage from their Israelite ancestors in the old world. Well defined reservoirs and canals can be readily traced in the valleys below their cliff homes where their farms once were. These ditches and reservoirs must have been built by almost infinite toil, for they had no steel plows nor steam shovels. They seem to have worked solely with implements made of hardwood, bone, horn and stone built for hand use only. No metals have been found in any of the cliff dwellings. It was the time of the stone age in western America.

Very little, if any, plowing seems to have been done. Their tools indicate that they dug about their hills of corn with spades of horn hewn flat and fastened to wooden handles. Planting and weeding sticks, scythes, flails, sickles, spindles and many other tools were found in large numbers by the Utah expedition.

The Navajos and other tribes of the Southwest use much the same farming appliances as were used by the Cliff Dwellers, but they are much poorer farmers. The Cliff Dweller was far ahead of the modern tribes of Indians in the scale of civilization. His architecture, his engineering feats, his skill in the pottery and textile industries, are things of wonder.

The Indians are unable to give us any definite clue, through their legends, to the Cliff Dwellers and their culture. When the early Spanish explorers found the first discovered cliff dwellings, about the year 1550, they found them deserted and in ruins as they are now, but the Indians seemed to be as ignorant as the Spaniards concerning the people who occupied them and the time they were vacated. This was nearly four hundred years ago. How long beyond that date the culture of the Cliff Dwellers ceased, can only be estimated. If we could discover some "Rosetta Stone" to aid us in deciphering the numerous hieroglyphics left by the Cliff

Dwellers we should undoubtedly learn many startling facts concerning the people who left them.

("Occupations and Social and Religious Customs of the Cliff Dwellers," will be the title of the next article of this series.)



YOUNG WILDCAT—ONE OF THE
WARDS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

"For the Strength of the Hills"

BY PROF. J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE

"For the strength of the hills, we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God;
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod."

Not for the strength of the hills in a mere physical sense, but for their strength in the sense of the rich treasures which they contain, for the rocks and soil which are yearly washed down into the valleys to replenish our already fertile soil. For these, O, Lord, we bless thee.

"Thou hast made thy children mighty, by the touch of the mountain sod."

Those who till the soil are truly made mighty. There are no soils in the world deeper or more fertile than the soils that yield so abundantly and readily to the touch of cultivation and irrigation in these mountain valleys.

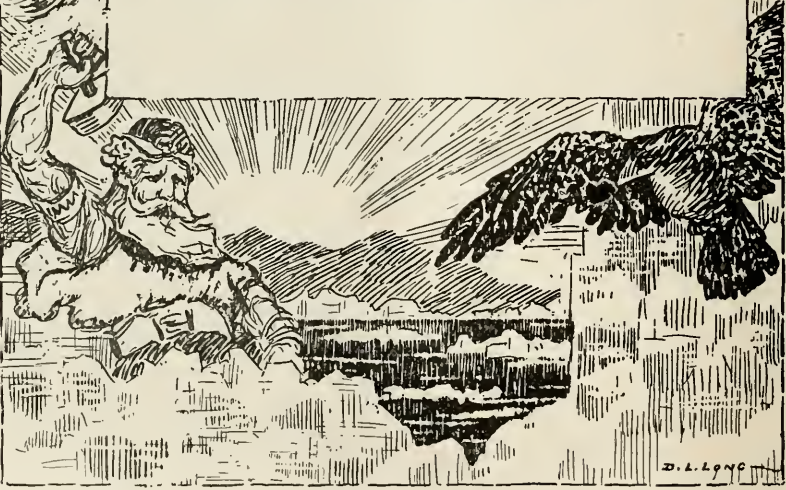
So the author of the above song said probably more than he knew, when the inspired words came from his pen.

LOGAN UTAH



The Dead Gods

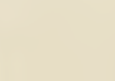
What of the Gods who ruled the circle wan—
That land which Æger, Surt, did form in runes;
Where Odin's ravens spake, sang Freya's swan;
Land of the mid-night suns, and circled moons?
Ah! he who slew the Giants—iron Thor?
No mountain wight his hammer stroke appals:
The Asas give not Love, nor Peace, nor War;
Nór Odin reigns—where are Valhalla's walls?
Gone from the northern skys the spectral throng;
For aye are hushed the wild Valkyries' cries;
Idun, with youth has passed, Volund, the strong;
The wrinkled Norns no more the shuttle plies:
Ah! lost in Vidar's silence, Brage's song;
Slain by blind Hoder, dead fair Balder lies!





Not on Olympus Jove or Hera dwell;
Athenæ, Hermes, Artemis are gone;
The patient Heracles, fierce Ares, fell;
Apollo's horses bring no more the dawn!
Yea, gone The Thunderer, and Roman Mars,
Again old Saturn from his realm does flee;
Nor Neptune, Bacchus, drive again their cars;
Fair Venus rises not from Cyprus' sea!
Unhaunted, now, Ægina's island fount;
And from Ægean's waves no mermaids scream;
Profaned Dodona's Groves and Ida's Mount;
In Hellas, nymphless flows each classic stream:
To Hade's lord no mortal owes account;
Grim Pluto is, like mighty Pan—a dream!

—Alfred Lambourne



From the Far North

BY ELDER ELIAS W. ERICKSON

I arrived here July 11, 1913, with my father. Elder John Johannessen has been laboring here for fifteen months, during four of which he was alone. Several persons are investigating the gospel. We are tracting Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. This city has a population of 13,000, and is pleasantly situated on the shore of a shallow bay. The city has a colonial appearance, with



Elias W. Erickson, Cleveland, Utah;
John Johannessen, Raymond, Can.;
Einar Erickson, Cleveland, Utah.

its white painted houses and little jetties stretching far out into the sea. The metropolis of Iceland is by no means the dirty place so often represented. The streets are broad and clean and the yards are sanitary. The climate averages thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, but is very changeable. Considerable rain has fallen during the past month, due to polar ice in the vicinity of the coast. On sunny days the

atmosphere is so clear that one can see mountains distinctly at a distance of one hundred miles.

In summer we have little or no darkness at night, even in the south, while in the north the midnight sun is almost constantly visible. The atmospheric effects are often magnificent, the landscape portraying the mountain tops with their glaciers and snow fields bathed in the crimson glow of the evening aurora, while later in the night the northern lights (*Aurora Borealis*) hold high revel in the firmament, with a kaleidoscopic effect.

The scenery in this vicinity is weird in the extreme. The bristling lava floods of vast extent in the distance, with rugged masses piled up in wildest confusion, and tremendous rifts extending for miles, resemble in form and outline my boyhood playground, the "Bad lands" of Castle Valley. Fjords and lakes are encircled with lofty snow-capped mountains denuded of all vegetation, and they rise almost abruptly to enormous heights. There are numerous streams that drain the snow banks in the ravines, forming a series of magnificent cascades and picturesque rapids as they dash to the sea. These contrast wonderfully with the grass and

heather-covered lowlands and foothills, where horses, cattle and sheep graze, and of which most of the inhabited portion of the island consists.

A short distance from this city is "Thingvillir," a wild, romantic spot of historic interest where, in the lawless days of the tenth century, a mass of lava in the midst of a deeply-fissured moss-covered plain was selected as a meeting place of the "Al-thing" or House of Representatives. On the south bank of this rift is a detached fragment of rock known as the Bloodstone on which, for certain offenses, the backs of criminals were broken, the victims being allowed to fall over backwards into the rift.

In the Sagas mention is made of many a stormy debate and remarkable trial that took place here, often terminating in bloodshed and life-long feuds. In this vicinity, also, is the world-famed geyser, where enormous columns of boiling water are ejected to the height of a hundred feet or more; also Hekla, the world-renowned volcano, with its mantle of snow, while in the neighborhood are embosomed geysers and wells of boiling water from which rise clouds of smoke. Reports in the American papers that Hekla was in eruption, I found to be false. Slight eruptions in small craters, some miles northeast of Hekla, were noticed, but outside of destroying a stretch of grazing land little damage was done.

Besides the many beautiful and wonderful sights in nature, the people with their customs, habits and language, form an interesting study. As a race, the Icelanders are somewhat reserved toward strangers, but an affable and genial manner quickly breaks down the flimsy barrier temporarily erected for the benefit of the foreigner whose manners and language are not wholly familiar. The true side of the native's character is then disclosed. He is innately hospitable, civil and obliging.

Among the first things a person notices in coming to a strange land are the animals and plants. The little Iceland ponies, twelve hands high; the black-faced sheep; the Iceland dog, with its pointed snout, short ears, curly tail and short legs; as well as hundreds of kinds and colors of fish and birds, all add to the novelty of this isolated island. During the summer many tourists visit here, some for pleasure, some for health, and others to study. I join them in saying Iceland is one of nature's beauty spots.

REYKJAVIK, ICELAND

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Report of the General Priesthood Committee

The following report of the committee for the six months ending October 15, 1913, has been submitted to the First Presidency:

*President Joseph F. Smith and Counselors,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

DEAR BRETHREN: At the close of another six months' labor, your committee on general Priesthood work takes pleasure in again reporting that the particular work assigned to it is progressing favorably. Specifically this work consists in preparing an appropriate and progressive course of study for the respective quorums, from the Deacons to the High Priests; in directing quorum activity, and in rendering such assistance to presiding officers as necessities and conditions may require.

The commendable growth of our Priesthood quorums, during the last five years, is surely cause for gratitude, and the practical work that has been performed by them has undoubtedly tended to the building up of Zion and the edification of her people. But commendable as the results are, the possibilities of Priesthood accomplishments have not seriously begun to be sensed by the majority of the quorum members, to say nothing about the application of those possibilities to daily life.

ENROLLMENT OF NEW MEMBERS

Take for example the number of unenrolled members. It is noted from the records of the Presiding Bishop's Office that over four thousand brethren holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, and over nine thousand holding the Aaronic Priesthood are not enrolled in any quorum.

A decided effort should be made to interest these brethren in their high and important callings, and enroll them in the quorums of the wards where they reside. In this connection it should be noted that a man's being received into a ward does not make him a member of the quorum to which he should belong. Regarding this matter, it has been suggested that if his Priesthood is stated on the certificate of membership presented to the bishop (and it should be in every case), it is the duty of the ward clerk immediately to advise the proper quorum officer of the residence of the new brother in the

ward. Who the quorum officer is, will depend on what officers of the quorum reside in that particular ward. If the president of the quorum be there, then he is the proper officer to be notified, but if the quorum extend over two or more wards, then the proper person to notify is the accredited representative of the quorum in the ward where the member is received. The officers having been notified properly by the ward clerk, it becomes their duty to come in contact with the new member and invite him to become a member of the quorum, and to see that he is properly enrolled.

In communities where the quorum is scattered, and two or more classes are held, the class teacher should take a special interest in all the members of his class, and keep them all in close touch with the presidency of the quorum.

Another important matter in relation to the new member is, that he should be put to work immediately upon his being received in the quorum. The scope of the Priesthood is so great, and its activities so broad, that there is something for every man to do. And nothing will sustain class interest in any work so much as some activity in the cause.

THE PRIESTS' QUORUMS

When the present system of Priesthood work was put in operation, about five years ago, not more than five per cent of the wards of the Church had paid any attention to the Priests' quorums of the Priesthood. Even less than two years ago, not more than thirty out of seven hundred bishops had given this matter any serious consideration. About this time, however, a great awakening was brought about by an inspired letter from the Presiding Bishop of the Church, in which the importance of Priests' quorums was pointed out, and the wide scope of their duties defined. At the present time about five hundred of the wards of the Church have their Priests' quorums, or classes, and the benefit to these wards is very noticeable. But even more marked is the advantages that have come to our young brethren holding this highest office in the Aaronic priesthood.

There should be a Priests' class organized in every ward where a sufficient number of worthy young men reside to form a class. And when it is possible to secure twenty-five or more Priests, they should be organized into a quorum.

The bishop is the proper person to preside over the Priests' quorum. The Lord has especially commissioned him to this work. It is his duty to take a fatherly and companionable interest in this quorum. He should gather the young brethren around him, holding them near him with the strongest ties of fatherly and brotherly love, teaching them their duties by precept and example, and implanting faith in their hearts by teaching them how to live the commandments

of God. If he does this, he will be paid an hundred fold. All the fresh love of their young hearts, and the strength, vigor and enthusiasm of their youth will be at his command. Through his personal influence, born of a very close association with his Priests, the bishop can teach better than any other person, the fundamental principles of the gospel, faith, repentance, baptism, the Word of Wisdom, tithing, keeping the Sabbath day holy, proper administration of the sacrament, etc. And he can implant in their impressionable minds the highest ideals, inspiring them on to the loftiest heights, religiously and industrially. And for his labor, in this one of his specific duties, they will reward him with clean and pure lives, and with a splendid young manhood that will be a pillar of strength to the ward, the stake and the Church. If the bishop lives so close to his Priests that he places within their reach all the opportunities that God intended they should enjoy, and then helps them to realize what these opportunities mean, and what the application is to develop and enlarge upon them, he will have enrolled in the service of the Lord an army of young men who will carry with honor and distinction, a little later in life, the dignity of the offices of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and who will be honorable and successful missionaries in the nations of the earth and earnest and sincere workers in the wards and stakes of Zion.

WARD TEACHING

Besides assisting the Priest in his duties, the principal work of the ordained teacher is as the title indicates, to teach the Saints of the ward.

We are glad to report that the spirit of ward-teaching has been felt in many of the wards as never before, and the brethren called to this important work have shown an interest that is indeed encouraging. Of course, nearly all of this duty is carried by the Melchizedek priesthood, assisted in many cases by the members of the Teachers' quorum. In a few wards, one hundred per cent of the families have been visited regularly every month. In a number of the stakes over fifty per cent of the families were visited regularly every month, during 1912. Commendable as this work is, however, there is still much room for improvement.

The duty of the Teacher is to watch over the Church always, "to be with and to strengthen them." His work is the saving of souls,—the greatest calling in which man can engage. It is, therefore, worthy of the best efforts of our best men.

Priests and teachers should be constantly encouraged to do their part of this great labor. If assigned with a more experienced brother, they will render good service and be of real value in the work.

Every acting and ordained teacher should be encouraged to render one hundred per cent efficiency. This does not necessarily mean

that he shall merely visit one hundred per cent of the families in his district each month, but it means that he shall carry them a definite gospel message, one that will build them up in their faith, that will develop their spirits, and cause them to go undauntedly forward in the work of the Lord. More than this, he should be with them always, watching over their spiritual interests, and, if needs be, their temporal affairs, even as a careful shepherd watches over his flock. This kind of teacher will be a fit representative of the bishop in that particular district, and his report at the regular monthly meeting will be of real worth to the presiding authorities of the ward.

STUDIES

The work of the Aaronic Priesthood has been carefully graded in accordance with the ages of the young brethren that constitute the respective quorums. For the Deacons, the course for 1914 consists of "Incidents from the Lives of Our Leaders." For the Teachers, the subject is, "The Life of Christ." For the Priests' text book, "Restoration of the Gospel."

All the members of the Melchizedek Priesthood, during 1914, will study the same text book, a work now being prepared under the direction of the general committee by Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of Twelve Apostles, and will consist of an able treatise of "Gospel Themes," which considers in a comprehensive way, the general plan of salvation.

All these books will be ready for distribution in time for the work on them to commence on January 1, 1914.

TIME OF MEETING

The best time of meeting for Priesthood classes has been a much discussed question since the present system of Priesthood work was inaugurated. Perhaps the question can be best decided by conforming to local conditions.

In a number of stakes, however, permission has been given to hold these meetings on Sunday, and, as a rule, the Sunday meetings have been followed with marked success. In some stakes, quorums of the Melchizedek priesthood meet at 9 o'clock in the morning, and those of the Aaronic priesthood at 10:30; permission having been granted by the General Sunday School Union Board to commence the Sunday School at 10:30 o'clock, instead of 10, the usual time throughout the Church. These classes of the Aaronic priesthood then continue their class work as part of the Sunday School.

In other stakes, the Priests' quorum meets with the Melchizedek priesthood at 9 a. m. and the Teachers and Deacons meet at 10 a. m. as quorums, and at 10:30 a. m. for class work. This latter arrange-

ment seems to offer the best solution of this question of the best time of holding quorum classes.

NEW RECORDS

An important item connected with our Priesthood work is the keeping of accurate records. Both the roll and minute book should be carefully kept every week. To assist in this matter, regular printed forms have been prepared and used with more or less success, during the past few years. Experience in the matter, however, has taught us that in many ways these records can be simplified, and in the preparation of the records for 1914, this simplifying of the records has been carried out. The new records are now in course of preparation, and can be obtained from the stake clerks at the end of the year. There will be no charge for these books, and every quorum should provide itself with a set as soon as they are distributed to the stakes.

In conclusion, we would like to urge the presiding brethren of the various quorums to "take stock" of the quorums over which they preside and put their whole heart and soul into this great work. Their callings merit all the spirit and energy that can be put into them. We trust that the success that has attended their efforts in the past will inspire them on to greater efforts in the future. We trust that quorum members will face their weaknesses manfully, and endeavor to overcome them until they have conquered and become strong. Above all, we pray that each may seek earnestly, and in faith, for the spirit of his particular office and calling, and then in humility, depending upon the Lord for strength, infuse this same spirit into all over whom he presides. Thus will the power of the Priesthood increase in the midst of Zion and become a light unto all the world, and its influence for good shall extend for the blessing of the Saints, the redemption of the world, and the honor and glory of our Father in heaven.

With assurances of our loyal support and hearty co-operation with you in this great latter-day work, we beg to remain,

Very respectfully your brethren,

THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE.

RUDGER CLAWSON, Chairman.

DAVID A. SMITH, Secretary.

The Gull Monument

One of the important events preceding the October conference of the Church was the unveiling, on Wednesday, October 1, of the beautiful gull monument designed and executed by Mahonri M. Young, a grandson of President Brigham Young.

This monument is a work of art that must appeal to the Latter-day Saints as few pieces of sculpture can. It is a great conception, executed with a skill that grips. The oft-told story of the saving of the crops of the Pioneers by the gulls from the lake never fails to delight the stranger and to cause emotion in the heart of the descendant of the Pioneer. In the diversified experiences of the Latter-day Saints no episode is surrounded with greater charm nor with plainer manifestation of the mercy of God. On viewing the south relief plate, the chief plate of the four which are presented to the readers of the ERA in this number, and which represents the coming of the gulls, Prest. Joseph



Photo by George Piercy, 116 Main St., Salt Lake City

MAHONRI M. YOUNG

Associate Member of the National Academy of Design,
New York.

F. Smith's eyes were wet with tears as he said to a friend standing by: "I can not look at that without being filled with emotion." It is what happens to all who know the story.

It was a delightful day—cool, and crisp. The early autumn tinge of color was visible in the trees. There was a tender atmosphere and a constantly changing sky that lent cheerfulness to the peaceful surroundings—and in the faces of the congregation,

composed of leaders from every part of Zion, one could read anticipation of the coming feast of spiritual things at the conference, as well as thoughtful reminiscences of the past and thanks to God for the day and the occasion. A large number of people, perhaps five thousand, gathered about the monument in the Temple Square, just in front of the Assembly Hall, to view the unveiling. On a temporary stand were President Joseph F. Smith, his counselors, Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose, a number of the Twelve, and other leading authorities of the Church, also Senator Reed Smoot, and Governor William Spry. Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley had charge of the ceremonies. Held's band played a selection, and the Tabernacle Choir, in front of the Assembly Hall, sang a beautiful song. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, president of the Relief Societies of the Church, was then introduced by Bishop Nibley as one of the pioneers of 1848 who had witnessed the ravishes of the crickets and the deliverance of the crops from destruction by the gulls. He said: "She is a girl of only twenty-one years of age, due to the fact that she was born on February 29." She told briefly of the threatened destruction of the crops, in 1848, and then delivered this brief and eloquent address:

It is a poetic coincidence that our idea of national freedom from oppression, and our idea of state deliverance from starvation, should be represented by birds. The eagle, majestic monarch of the air, is represented on shield, and coin, and tablet of bronze, all over the broad land. The gentle gull, humble habitant of the shores of our Great Salt Sea, has found shrine heretofore only in the grateful memories of this valley's pioneers and descendants. My heart swells with thanksgiving that we are now to preserve in sculptural art the miraculous incident we all know so well; and I now have the honor to unveil this beautiful monument to the eye and admiration of grateful thousands now living, and of untold thousands yet to come.

Exactly at 10:45, Mrs. Wells pulled the cords which released the flags, and the monument was unveiled amid the cheers of the assembled thousands.

Pioneers who witnessed the cricket war were asked to step forward to take seats near the stand. Some twelve or fifteen veterans responded amid the cheers of the assembly. Then Mr. Young, the sculptor, was introduced, and bowed to the audience as they cheered him.

Hon. W. W. Riter followed with an able address, giving his experiences during the rage of the crickets in 1848. The band played "The Star-spangled Banner," and were loudly cheered.

President Joseph F. Smith followed with an address full of feeling, and largely of a reminiscent nature, relating incidents of his coming to the valley, the beginning of the cultivation of the soil, the coming of the crickets, the threatened desolation and the destruction of the crickets by the gulls. The crops were



THE GULL MONUMENT—BY MAHONRI M. YOUNG

Looking northwest, the south and east reliefs in view. Unveiled and dedicated
October 1, 1913.

thus saved, as well as the lives of many hundreds of pioneers who depended almost entirely upon the crops of that summer for their sustenance during the following winter. He closed with a touching prayer dedicating the monument. The choir sang, "Utah, We Love Thee," and President Francis M. Lyman offered the benediction.

President Smith said, among other things:

"I am only relating what I saw. Whenever they had been filled to capacity the gulls would fly to the banks of the creek and there disgorge of the dead pests which lay along the stream in piles many of which were as large as my fist. These piles literally covered the banks of the creek. After the crickets had been so nearly destroyed that they began to shelter themselves wherever they could from the attacks of the gulls, the birds became so tame that they followed under our wagons as we drove along, into our yards, and under every shelter where the crickets sought protection from them. With the help of the Lord we were able to reap that fall a fairly good harvest."

President Smith read several historical papers, producing evidence concerning the ravages of the crickets of 1848. He said he did so desiring to throw more light upon "The Cricket War." He read this letter from Thomas Callister:

Salt Lake City, Feb. 13, 1869.

President George A. Smith, Historian's Office:

I give you an incident which occurred in this valley in the summer of 1848, when the crickets descended upon everything green. All the nursery trees had been destroyed and much of the grain, and the inevitable destruction of everything was apparent to all.

President John Young, second counselor to President John Smith, president of the stake, came to him and in the most emphatic manner said: "Father Smith, it is your duty to send an express to Brother Brigham and tell him to not bring the people here, for if he does they will all starve to death."

Father Smith looked thoughtful for a few moments and replied: "Brother John Young, the Lord led us here, and he has not led us here to starve."

So dark were the circumstances that the hearts of the strongest elders were faint.

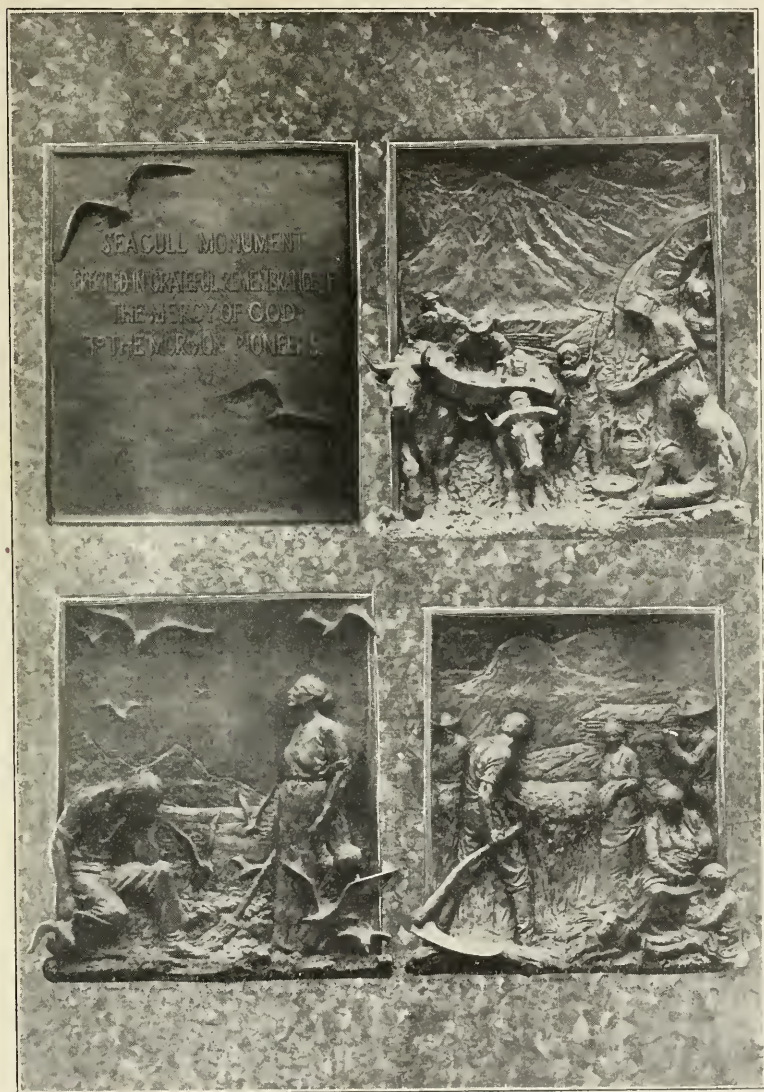
Elder John Neff, who was building a mill on Mill Creek, came to Father Smith and said: "Father Smith I have stopped building my mill; there will be no grain to grind and Brother John Young tells me that we shall have to leave here, and advises me to stop wasting my money." Father Smith replied: "Brother Neff, go on with your mill, and as far as I have property I will guarantee success; and had I sufficient means, I would secure you against any loss; we are not going to be broken up, and I entreat you to go ahead with your mill, and if you do so, you shall be blessed and it shall be an endless source of joy and profit to you.

In a very short time after this, the gulls from the lake made their appearance and devoured the crickets.

As ever, your brother in the gospel,

THOS. CALLISTER.

President Smith explained that the reading of this letter was by no means intended to bring any kind of reproach upon President John Young, who was as brave as anybody, but to show



PLATES OF THE PEDESTAL, GULL MONUMENT

Top to left: north plate, containing the dedication; right, east plate, Pioneers' arrival and encampment. Below, left: south plate, despair, hope, and arrival of the gulls; right, west plate, the harvest.

that even the bravest of the settlers became disheartened during the appalling destruction.

The original letter is on file at the historian's office.

The following from Eliza R. Snow, who crossed the plains and mountains in Captain Joseph B. Noble's company in the fall of 1847, was read. She spent the winter of 1847-8 and the following years in the valley. She kept a daily journal of her journey, and of her early experiences in the Valley from which President Smith read the following excerpt, under date of May 28, 1848:

This morning's frost, in unison with the ravages of the crickets for a few days past, produces many sighs and occasions some long faces with those that for the moment forget that they are Saints.

Under date of Saturday, June 10, 1848, Sister Snow records:

The crickets continue their destructiveness.

Mrs. Patty Sessions, mother of Peregrine Sessions, captain of one of the companies of Saints which arrived in Great Salt Lake valley in the fall of 1847, also kept a daily journal, and under date of Tuesday, May 30, 1848, she journalized as follows:

Mr. Sessions has gone to the farm to keep the crickets off the crops; they are taking all before them that they come to. The frost killed a good deal.

Under date of June 9, 1848, John Smith, Chas. C. Rich and John Young, who constituted the presidency in the Great Salt Lake valley at that time, wrote to President Brigham Young and the Council of the Twelve Apostles the following:

There has been a large amount of spring crops put in, and they were doing well till within a few days; the crickets have done considerable damage both to wheat and corn, which has discouraged some, but there is plenty left, if we can save it for a few days. The sea gulls have come in large flocks from the lake, and sweep the crickets as they go; it seems the hand of the Lord is in our favor.

The gull monument is the work of Mahonri M. Young, a grandson of the great Pioneer Brigham Young. He is an associate member of the National Academy of Design, New York, and a member also of the Architectural League, New York. Mr. Young has been at work upon the monument for some length of time. The design was accepted by the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric about a year ago, since which time the artist has been almost continuously at work upon it. The monument of which we present a beautiful engraving in this number, consists of a granite pedestal weighing almost twenty tons, and a granite column over fifteen feet high, upon the top of which rests a great ball, and the two lake gulls. The birds are done in

bronze covered with gold leaf, and weigh upwards of five hundred pounds, measuring over eight feet from the tips of the outside wings. About the foot of the pedestal is a beautiful fountain forty feet in diameter, formed with many tons of granite and cement, in which, during the dedication, there were water lilies and gold fish.

Scenes leading up to the time of the coming of the crickets and the destruction by the gulls are pictured in the bronze tablets on the four sides of the pedestal, and are reproduced in one plate in this number of the ERA: On the north, the legend, "Erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers;" on the east, the pioneers arriving in the valley; on the south, the picture of a family of three overcome by the terror of the crickets, the coming of the gulls, and the saving of the harvests of the pioneers; on the west, a harvest scene.

In an eloquent speech at the semi-annual conference, Elder B. H. Roberts gave a forceful description of these tablets. After referring to the great Temple,—“The altar in stone that stands for the chastity of the individual, the purity of the home, the close-linking of man in brotherhood with man and in fatherhood with God, standing for the salvation both of the living and the dead, a modern witness for God, in stone, infinitely greater than that erected under the direction of Joshua,”—and the bronze statues of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in the same sacred temple grounds, he called attention to the newly-dedicated gull monument, and described in beautiful language its plates and their significance, and the meaning of the monument, as follows:

“It gave me more delight than I can express to you here, the other day, to take my two daughters * * * to see this beautiful monument, just completed and recently fittingly dedicated to the purpose for which it was erected. I pointed out to them how it told the story of God’s deliverance of the Latter-day Saints in this valley in the year 1848. I rejoice with my whole heart, not only in the beauty of that great offering as a memorial to God for his goodness to our fathers, not only in its perfections as a work of art, but I look beyond all that to the thing that it represents—our recognition of God’s great goodness in delivering his people from threatened destruction—collective testimony of the people to the goodness of God to our fathers. It will stand, I believe, through many generations, one of the most beautiful, or to typify and memorialize one of the most beautiful incidents in the many wonderful experiences of the Latter-day Saints. For, indeed, Israel was so situated in the summer of 1848, that if God had not wrought out a deliverance for them, then there was nothing but starvation for the people, and reproach to the God of Israel who had brought them to this land. For this reason, I think, the Lord felt himself bound to work out the deliverance which that combination of bronze and

stone stands for. The story is told eloquently, better than words will ever tell it, in the bronze tablets around the base of the monument. * * * * The graceful Doric column of the monument, surmounting the base, is fifteen feet high, and is topped by a granite sphere on which two gulls are seen in the act of lighting upon it—a most graceful thing in itself, and Mr. Young, the sculptor, has caught the action of it true to life.

“On three sides of the high base, in relief sculpture, the gull story is told: The tablature on the east tells of the arrival and early movements of the Pioneers. In the left foreground of the rugged Wasatch mountains there is the man afield with ox team plowing the stubborn soil, aided by the boy driver, followed by the sower. In the right foreground is the wagon home, women preparing the humble meal, while an Indian sits in idle but graceful pose, looking upon all this strange activity that is to redeem his land from savagery and give it to civilization.

“The tablature on the south tells the story of the threatened devastation from the crickets’ invasion. A point of mountain and a glimpse of the placid, distant lake is seen. The farmer’s fight with the invading pest is ended—he has exhausted all his ingenuity in the fight, and his strength. He is beaten. You can see that in the hopeless sinking of his figure to earth, his bowed head and listless, down-hanging hands from which the spade has fallen. Despair claims him—and laughs. With the woman of this tablature it is different. She is holding a child by the hand—through it she feels throbbing the call of the future—the life of a generation of men and women yet to be. Strange that to woman—man’s complement—is given such superior strength in hours of severest trial. Where man’s strength and courage and fighting ends, woman’s hope and faith and trust seem to spring into newness of life. From her nature she seems able to do this inconsistent yet true thing—to hope against hope, and ask till she receives. I do not know in what school of psychology the sculptor studied his art, but he has certainly been true to the great psychological difference between man and woman. But to return to this woman of the tablature—she, too, is toilworn, and there is something truly pathetic in her body weariness, but her head is raised—raised to what until now has seemed the pitiless skies; but now they are filled with the oncoming flocks of gulls. Does she watch their coming with mere idle curiosity or vague wonderment? Or does her soul in the strange gull-cry hear God’s answer to her call for help? God’s answer to her they were, these gulls, in any event, as the gulls soon proved by devouring the destroyer.

“The west tablature commemorates the Pioneers’ first harvest—worthily, too! In the background rises Ensign Peak. In the middle background the log house stands finished; in the foreground harvesting the golden grain is in progress, both men and women take joyous part. To the right a mother, half-kneeling, holds to her full breast a

babe, who 'on the heart and from the heart receives his nourishment,' and about her knees two other children play in happy, childish oblivion of toil and care. Oh, happy scene of life and joy, 'where Plenty leaps to laughing life with her redundant horn.'

"On the fourth tabature is the title of the monument. Fortunately it is simple, and not explanatory—the work of the sculptor tells the story—tells it well and eloquently. Too much narration would have marred it. This is the inscription:

THE SEA GULL MONUMENT
ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
THE MERCY OF GOD TO THE MORMON PIONEERS.

"Yes, let us own it. The salvation wrought out in that year of grace, 1848, for the 'Mormon' Pioneers, was thy work, Helper of the helpless, and Supplementer of man's endeavor; giving him of thy bounteous strength when his strength fails. How shall we honor thee for thy tender mercies to menward, but by acknowledgment of them, by holling them in memory, and speaking of them to our children, and to our children's children, to the remotest generation?

"Though from afar the sea gulls came and destroyed the destroyer, it was thy voice, O Lord, that called them—they did but do thy bidding—the deliverance was of thee and by thee. And though in these grouped symbols of the monument the beautiful agency of thy merciful act is chiefly present, still beyond and above these to our consciousness the Eternal Cause of such events stands smiling.

"Long may these testimonies of stone and bronze, which our feeble hands have erected, stand on this sacred block as God's witness unto the inhabitants of the earth, that he has given a new dispensation of his truth to man, and confirmed it by a manifestation of his mercy and power in the deliverance of his people, I pray, in the name of Jesus,. Amen."

Stake superintendents who expect definite progress in M. I. A. work must themselves be prepared to give definite instruction at monthly officers' meetings. Every monthly meeting should have a definite purpose, something to be done, a program worked out well in advance, as well as worked out at the meeting. Then comes the follow-up plan, or checking in the field, to see that results are obtained and the work done. Superintendents should study the articles, "System in Stake Work," and "Follow-up Work," in August ERA.

Early Thanksgiving Days

BY LEE A. SNOW

Though Thanksgiving ranks with the Fourth of July as an American institution, it touches a deeper chord in our feelings with its nearly three hundred years of historic associations. It combines the religious, social and festal enjoyments, and fills a very unique place in our social and national life.

Our thanksgiving idea was no doubt borrowed from peoples of long ago. We have many instances in the Bible of people offering prayer, praise and gratitude to God for his mercies and blessings. In mythological times it was the custom to offer sacrifice after great successes in battle. The goddess, "Ceres," the protectress of agriculture, received homage after an abundant harvest. This custom passed down through the centuries taking various forms among the several races. In England it took the form of the harvest festival, and was perhaps the suggestion followed by our Plymouth fathers.

The first "Thanksgivings" offered upon American soil were by the Newfoundland colony, 1578; by the Popham colony, 1601, and by the Pilgrims, December 20, 1620, while still on ship, "for safe deliverance from the perils of the sea, for the goodly land awaiting them, and for the birth of a son, December 19, to one Susannah White." These exercises were short prayer meetings. It remained for Governor Bradford, in 1621, to call the first full Thanksgiving day on American soil.

During the season of 1621, the Plymouth fathers planted twenty acres to crops of corn, barley and peas. The corn matured but the six acres of barley and peas were hardly worth gathering; yet they were grateful for all that they did receive, and for the peace they enjoyed with their neighbors, the Indians. To the feast appointed by their governor, they invited Massasoit and ninety of his braves, who brought with them haunches of venison and oysters, both new to the colonists. The men returned from the hunt with ducks and wild turkey, and from this the turkey has grown to be our "Thanksgiving bird."

By 1623, more than half their number had perished from hunger, and exposure, while those who survived were reduced to a ration of five kernels of corn to the person per day. The drouth of this same year now threatened their crops and the colony's existence. On July 16, a fast was ordered, and for nine hours they continued to call upon their God for deliverance. Before the meeting closed, the showers began to fall, and for fourteen days

mother earth drank her fill. "It would be hard for us, at this day, to say whether their withered crops or their drooping spirits were most quickened."

In the Bay colony (Boston), 1629 to 1630, there was a shortage of food. The more prosperous divided with the hungry until the supply was exhausted and their existence threatened. February 5 was designated as a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God, but fortunately a ship arrived on the 4th, bringing fresh supplies and new hopes. They were too busy to meet on the 5th, but on the 22nd of the same month, they gathered at the meeting house and gave solemn thanks to God for his deliverance.

Days of Thanksgiving were common among the several colonies, the Plymouth colony again ordering a celebration, December 22, 1636.

Autumn being the storehouse of nature, it was invariably chosen as a time for Thanksgiving, and in colonial days Thanksgiving was considered as sacred as the Sabbath, for it is recorded that one "William Vesey is bound over for plowing on the day of Thanksgiving."

During Revolutionary days, the Continental Congress celebrated Thanksgiving on July 20, 1775, May 17, 1776, January 29, 1777, and among the Continental Army, December 21, 1777, inasmuch "as God hath been pleased to smile upon us in the prosecution of our just and necessary war for the defense and establishment of our inalienable rights and liberties."

It was Washington, in 1789, who first designated the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day. This date was sanctioned by Congress. In that year Mrs. Washington entertained in commemoration of that memorable feast, at Plymouth, 168 years before.

The next important Thanksgiving was ordered by President Lincoln to be celebrated on August 6, 1863, "as a day for national thanksgiving, praise and prayer, because it had pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the army and navy of the United States, on land and sea, victories so signal and effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the Union of these States will be maintained, their Constitution preserved, and their peace and prosperity permanently secured."

In the same year, President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States, appointed August 21 "to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer on account of the reverses the Confederate cause had sustained." Their former successes on the sea and on land had made them self-confident and forgetful of their reliance upon God. The love of lucre had eaten like gangrene into the very heart of

the land, and therefore they should "receive in humble thankfulness the lesson which he has taught in our recent reverses."

It must be remembered that Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and other "reverses," twenty in all, in as many days, had befallen the Confederate cause.

Today we can truly thank God for peace and prosperity and for his loving kindness and mercy unto us as individuals and as a nation.

ST. GEORGE, UTAH

Elder Marion P. Hutchings, president of the East Tennessee Conference, reports that the work of the Lord has never looked more encouraging than in that place at present. "The counties and towns in the past who have been bitterly opposed to us are now receiving the elders. The churches and school houses are being opened up for our



THE LARSEN CHURCH, TENN.

use all through the conference and the people seem to be much more anxious to hear the glorious truths of 'Mormonism.' On July 24th six of the elders met with the Saints and friends at Larsen, where we have a beautiful little church and about fifty members. This was the first entertainment of the kind ever held in this section of country. The elders laboring here are: James L. Marler, Lewiston, Idaho; George A. Sampson, Delta, Utah; Charles R. Bennett, Holbrook, Idaho; Conference President Marion P. Hutchings, Beaver, Utah; Orson M. Sprague, Mesquite, Nevada; Earl B. Hales, Riverside, Utah."

Editors' Table

Tobacco, Drink, and Infamous Fashions*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

I sincerely hope that the true Spirit of our Lord may dwell bounteously with us during this session of our eighty-fourth semi-annual conference. I feel very grateful for the privilege I enjoy of being present with you this morning, in possession of a reasonable degree of health and vigor of body and mind. For every blessing bestowed upon me, for every privilege I enjoy, I feel deeply indebted to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift. I hope that while I stand before you, the Spirit of the Lord may prompt me to give expression to such thoughts as shall be suited to the occasion. I feel this morning as I have felt almost all my life, but I feel it stronger this morning, perhaps, than ever before, that there is nothing under the heavens of so much importance to me or to the children of men as the great plan of life and salvation which was devised in the heavens in the beginning, and which has been handed down from period to period through the inspiration of holy men called of God until the day of the coming of the Son of man, for this gospel and this plan of salvation was revealed to our first parents. The angel of God carried to them the plan of redemption, and of salvation from death and sin that has been revealed from time to time by divine authority to the children of men, and it has undergone no change. There was nothing in it, in the beginning, that was superfluous or unnecessary; nothing in it that could be dispensed with; it was a complete plan devised in the beginning by the wisdom of the Father and the holy ones for the redemption of the human race and for their salvation and exaltation in the presence of God. It was taught more fully, and exemplified more perfectly in the being, life and mission, instruction and doctrine, given by the Son of God, than ever before, unless there may be an exception in the days of Enoch; but through all the generations of time, the same gospel, the same plan of life and salvation, the same ordinances, burial with Christ, remembrance of the great sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the world and for man's redemption, have been handed down from time to time from the time of the creation. This is not simply my opinion, I am but uttering the truths contained in the revelations of God to inspired men in the various

*The opening address at the semi-annual conference, Oct. 4, 1913.

ages in which he has spoken to the world. And in this dispensation of the latter days, this same gospel, this same plan of life and salvation, has been renewed, or revealed anew, unto men, and fully restored with all its gifts, powers and graces, rights and privileges, necessary for the preparation of mankind to live as God requires them to live in this world, and to prepare themselves for an inheritance of glory, exaltation, dominion and power in the world to come.

WASTING TIME IN FOLLY

My earnest desire is, and has been from my youth up, and it is growing stronger and stronger as the years accumulate to me, to bear my testimony, and to declare to men, as far as it lies in my power, that God has given to us the truth, his truth, for his word is truth; Jesus himself so declared it. He said: "My word is truth," and wherever we can find the word of God, or reach out and comprehend his law which is his word, for his word is his law, and his law is the word of God to all men,—wherever we can find it, and can comprehend and embrace it, we comprehend and embrace the truth. The trouble seems to lie with mankind as to their ability to grasp the truth, and as to the earnestness of their souls to desire the truth and to seek after it with all their hearts, that they may put the seeking of it before the seeking after those things which perish. Think of it, how many hours, how many days and months we spend, as the children of God, in the pursuit of the temporalities of life, in devoting our thoughts to those things which pertain to the present temporal life or existence, not the spiritual existence, or that portion or particular part of the temporal existence which pertains to, and is a part of, the spiritual existence of man. Men and women talk, they use their tongues and their lips very much in conversation and in the expressions of their views and thoughts which pertain only to worldly things, to trivial matters, of no value, to the groveling things, so to speak, of the world, and devote very few moments to useful and uplifting thought and very few words, comparatively, are spoken by them which pertain to the eternal, everlasting growth, development and happiness of mankind. We think of the world, of the present, we think more about the farm, the bank, the merchandising, about our flocks and our herds, more in regard to the temporalities of life, than we think about the principles of eternal truth that make for the salvation, happiness and well-being, temporally and spiritually, of our souls.

My feeling, my earnest desire for good, is stronger than ever. It grows with age. I see more clearly today than ever before, the end of my mission in the world, that my time is growing shorter. I reflect upon the past, and often wonder how much of the valuable time the Lord has allotted me in this life, have I

wasted in folly and useless things; and how much of it have I employed in that which was essential to my salvation, to my growth and development in the knowledge of God and in the understanding of his truth? I assure you that while it is true that, for the most part of my life, I have been engaged in this ministry, in the work of the Lord, to the best of my understanding, and the ability that the Lord has given me, when I look back upon my life I can see much wasted time, many unimproved moments, numerous things that I have engaged in that were comparatively, at least, unnecessary and hurtful rather than beneficial, and yet nothing that was seriously wrong.

THE TOBACCO EVIL.

There are many things today indulged in by mankind, and by too many of those who have professed belief in the divine mission of the Christ and of his servant Joseph Smith, that are not only contrary to the word of the Lord, and in opposition to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but are both in opposition to the Spirit of the Lord and in opposition to the life and health and purity of the souls of men. Some of these evils seem to be growing amongst us. Go where I will or where I do—and I am going from week to week and from month to month, here and there, in the discharge of my duty—I see evidence of great disrespect to the requirements of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and I not only see it among the adult citizens of the kingdom, and members of the Church, but I see the bad effects of the example that these adult members of the Church are having upon the youth of Zion.

It is neither my wish nor purpose to advertise the weaknesses and imperfections of those who should be Latter-day Saints, and whose lives should be absolutely above reproach; it is not my wish nor desire to magnify the weaknesses and the imperfections of men; but I see things, day after day, which I think should be corrected, as far as it is possible for them to be corrected. Let me, without doing it in the spirit of accusation, without charging evil upon the people, speak of some of the things I see, to some extent. I thank the Lord that the evil is no more extensive than it is; I am very grateful that it is confined within the limits to which it is confined.

There is a revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church, a simple statement of the will of the Lord; it is called the Word of Wisdom. We haven't preached about it very much of late, it has been left to itself, so far as I have heard. We have been preaching faith, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins; we have been preaching the necessity of looking up the genealogy of the people called Latter-day Saints, looking after their ancestors, gathering the names of their progenitors and of their kindred, and the associates and friends of their kindred, in order

that they might administer in the ordinances of the house of God in their behalf, according to the scriptures of divine truth, that they may have the privilege of living according to God in the spirit and be judged according to men in the flesh. We have been preaching honor, uprightness, virtue and devotion to right, but we have not specifically named this simple law of God given to us for the purity of our own lives, that we might be free from the contaminations that the partaking of those things "which are not good for man" will entail upon us. I see those in our midst, I don't know that they are Latter-day Saints, I don't know that they are the children of Latter-day Saints, but I see in our midst those who indulge in the foolish, injurious, uncleanly practice, of smoking tobacco, smoking cigarettes, or cigars, or the old pipe, so strong and unsavory, that they become noxious to the nostrils of men not addicted to the use of it. I see it apparently increasing amongst us. I see a young man with a cigar in his mouth—a habit that has become so common that today you can't go into a hotel dining room, and sit down to partake of a meal, even in a first-class hotel, or in any hotel, dining room or restaurant among the people of our times, without being nauseated while eating your meal with the vile perfume of tobacco. Many men have adopted the habit of using these things at their meals until it has become common. The fact seems to be that the man who does not do it is the exception. Now, this does not apply to Latter-day Saints at all, and to those called "Mormons," only to a very limited extent, for I hold that Latter-day Saints have more regard for themselves and have more respect for the wishes of others, and especially more respect for womankind, than to go into a dining room and there befoul the air to be breathed by the gentler sex by the nauseous use of tobacco, and by the fetid breath of those who are in the habit of using it. I would rather smell iodoform than the breath of a man that smokes tobacco, and I think iodoform is one of the worst things that I ever did smell.

President George Q. Cannon often said to me and to others that he would rather be shut up with a skunk than be shut up in a smoking car with smokers. What right has a man to befoul with his nauseous breath the air that I breathe? What right have I to make noxious the air that you breathe? I have no right to do it, and you have a right to protest against my doing it, and to show those who are in the habit of doing these things your contempt for their practices, if you have any respect for them. You should show at least your contempt for that which they do foolishly, for their practice is wrong, pernicious, and they are unmindful of the rights of others. I have thought seriously that a boy or man who has become addicted to the use of tobacco in any form, to the extent that he is unable to resist his appetite for it, or who has practiced it until he is unable to resist or overcome

it, is a man who is so mentally weakened, so morally degraded that he is not competent to perform and would not be worthy to be entrusted with any responsible duty. Why? because a man who has become so weak-minded and irresolute that he cannot overcome the temptation to do wrong or resist the power of an acquired, vicious appetite for poison, how can he be trusted? It is a weakness, a degradation that sinks far below the ordinary weaknesses of mankind, and therefore, the person who is so enslaved to vitiated appetites for poisonous, hurtful things that he cannot overcome them, being a slave to a pernicious habit, a degrading practice—that he cannot rise above it, how dare you trust him? How can you entrust to one whose mind has become so weakened, so vitiated and so degraded that he is not his own master, but an irresolute slave to unholy passion, any trust that requires honor, strength of manhood, determination, and will-power to resist evil and temptation to do wrong? You can't do it. You can't trust a man who has not the power of will to say "no" to temptation, to do evil or to that which entices to evil; he is only worthy of condemnation, and you cannot safely trust him, and you ought not to trust him.

IN CONDEMNATION OF FORBIDDEN DRINK

The same can truly be said of the man who is in the habit of using intoxicating liquors; the same principle and argument apply perhaps more thoroughly to one who is given to drunkenness than to one who is only given to the use of tobacco, and yet, in perhaps ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, the man who is in the habit of using tobacco will also be found using intoxicating drinks, thus adding to his weakness, his instability, proof upon proof of his unworthiness to be entrusted with anything of importance. Oh, my brethren and sisters, will you, if possible to prevent it, permit your sons to indulge in these infamous practices which the Lord says are not good for them? Which he says are injurious to them. Tobacco was not intended for such use; it is intended for bruises and sick cattle, but not for the stomach, not for the appetite of man, and we ought not to use it.

Then you may go from these practices to lesser evils, perhaps, and yet not always very much lesser, because some people have become so addicted to the use of coffee that they do not have the power to say, "No, thank you, I don't want it." But if they were asked, "Will you take coffee, or will you have tea?" they will say: "Well, yes, please." Why? Because they are in the habit of it, and they can't say "No." I have noticed this in the society of so-called "good Latter-day Saints."

Not long ago, in the line of duty, we visited more than one good family, and when we sat down to their generous tables they said: "Now, what will you have to drink?"

"Why, I take water to drink."

"Well, won't you have anything else to drink?"

"No, I thank you; water is my beverage; I drink water."

"Well, but the water is not very good; there has been rain and it is riley, will you not have a little something else to drink?"

"No; water will do."

"Well, we haven't got so far along that we can do on water; we still have to have our coffee."

And so they drank their coffee, while we took water and enjoyed it; and while the water did not altogether agree with my taste, I believe I stood it as well as some who drank their coffee.

I hope my good brethren are here to hear me, for I would like them to know just how I feel and think about it. I would like to say it broadly enough so that everybody can hear it: the Lord says these things are not good, the law of God says they are not necessary, that they are harmful. The law of nature tells you they are not good because they are poisonous—mild poison perhaps, but poisonous. I remember very distinctly, on one occasion, a good brother who took too much morphine as medicine. The doctor was sent for. He said, "Have you some coffee?" "Yes." "Go and make some coffee, as strong as you can." And they began to administer strong coffee to the man under the influence of morphine. What for? Why, they say that "like cures like," and it took another kind of poison to counteract the poison that was in his system.

I deplore the evidence that I see, wherever I see it, of disrespect or indifference to the things that the Lord has said are not good for man. I would that all Latter-day Saints especially, and that all mankind in general, would be willing to learn what God has said is good for man, and then, having learned it, would be obedient to the word of the Lord and keep his law—I wish we could. It is my duty to teach this principle, to advocate this doctrine, to implore the brethren and sisters to obey the law of God, and thereby receive his blessing, and the fulfilment of the promise that he has made to the children of men, namely:

"That all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow in their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." (Doc. and Cov. 89:18-21.)

Another thing, how could an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ go where there are afflicted ones to anoint them with holy oil, to lay hands upon them and pray for them that "the prayer of faith might save the sick and the Lord raise them up," when

he knows that he is contaminated with the use of things that God has said are not good for him? When he knows that he is not in harmony with the will of the Lord, nor with his law? It is the fervent prayer of a righteous man that availeth and is effectual, not the prayer of the impure and unrighteous; he could not do it, as Christ did it, for he was without sin, and in harmony with God's purposes always. When he spoke it was as one pure as God himself. Why should he not have power to give hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind? Why should he not have power to cleanse the leper and to raise the dead, since there was no sin in him and he was in perfect harmony and unison with God, with the laws of life and health and godliness? Why should he not have power? But you say, "He was the Son of God." So are you the sons of God, and the daughters of God. Why should we not emulate the example and life of him who was sinless, and in perfect accord with his Father? He declared throughout his mission: "I come, not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me." Why should we not feel that way? We did not come here to do our own will, but, as he did, to do the will of him that sent us here, that we might learn of his ways and walk in his paths and be indeed his children. We have been buried with him in the waters of baptism and we have been born of the Spirit of God. Therefore, we should be able to see the truth, to discern between right and wrong, between good and evil, and between light and darkness; it is our privilege to know and love that which is good as against that which is evil, by the gifts of the Spirit bestowed upon us. Then why should we not keep the commandments of the Lord? If we do not, is it not because we think once in awhile of God and of godliness, and all the rest of the time we think of the world and of worldliness? We give our hopes, our time, our talent, our thoughts, our words, our actions, to the temporalities of life, and, once in awhile, we think of God. We come before him in that pitiful form of unworthiness to crave his blessings and his favors. Do you wonder that we are often denied that which we ask for, and fail to receive that which we desire? It is because we do not ask aright. When we approach God in this way, we are not in a condition to ask aright, nor are we in a condition to receive that which we ask for, for God is not likely to bestow upon his children gifts and blessings of which they are not worthy.

A PROTEST AGAINST INFAMOUS FASHIONS

I do not want to be burdensome to this vast congregation by talking too long, but I have another thought that weighs upon my mind, and this is not in relation to the men, but it is with respect to the women, and more particularly with regard to the manner in which they dress. Never, perhaps, at least within the period of my life—and I have lived in the world nearly seventy-five years—

never, I say, within the period of my life and experience have I seen such obscene, uncleanly, impure, and suggestive fashions of women's dress as I see today. Some of them are abominable. I lift my voice against these audacious practices and these infamous fashions, and I pray that you who have daughters in Zion will save them, if you can, from following these obscene fashions, that if followed, will destroy the last vestige of true womanly modesty and reduce them to the level of the courtesans on the streets of Paris, from whence these debasing fashions come. They are the lowest and most degraded specimens of womankind, who have yielded their bodies to crime and their souls to death, if not to perdition, and are devoid of modesty and the sense of shame. We cannot afford to let our women follow such as these or to adopt the cursed fashions they set.

I need not dwell on this matter, but will say that while crossing the street the other day, I saw a woman dressed to the height of this ridiculous fashion, and she was trotting along with little, short steps. She couldn't go any other way, hurrying across the street to catch the car. She got hold of the rail of the car and tried to lift herself up, but her foot would not go up to the step. By this time there was a crowd of men looking on. All of a sudden she stooped down, caught the bottom of her dress and raised it high enough to climb up. What an exhibition that was to the public eye! Would you like your daughters to expose themselves in such a manner? To do so they must of necessity part with their sense of womanly modesty, if not with all other womanly virtues. God have mercy on our girls, and help them to dress decently!

I suppose I shall incur the censure and displeasure of many in saying these things, but I do not care what the world has to say, what men say, nor what women say, in relation to these things. In my sight the present day fashions are abominable, suggestive of evil, calculated to arouse base passion and lust, and to engender lasciviousness, in the hearts of those who follow the fashions, and of those who tolerate them. Why? Because women are imitating the very customs of a class of women who have resorted to that means to aid them to sell their souls. It is infamous, and I hope the daughters of Zion will not descend to these pernicious ways, customs and fashions, for they are demoralizing and damnable in their effect.

THE MISSION OF JESUS CHRIST

Now, the Lord bless you. I could say a good deal more, perhaps, if it were prudent or wise. I do not know but what I have said too much already, but I believe what I say. I am converted to the gospel of Christ; I believe in Jesus with all my soul. I cannot doubt the evidences of more than sixty years of my experience

in the Church in preaching the gospel. Everything has contributed to the confirmation of my faith in the divine mission of the prophet Joseph Smith, and in the glorious plan of life and salvation taught by the Son of God, both for the living and for the dead. I cannot disbelieve such things as these; they appeal to my judgment; they take my poor, helpless soul, my helpless mortal being, destined to pass through the grave, out of this mortal life, and above and beyond it, and there is no other hope or assurance on earth, that I have ever found, for a future reward or happiness or the enjoyment of the fulness of the hopes and aspirations of my soul, except those which are held out to me in the gospel of Jesus Christ, who came into the world with power to lay down his life and take it up again, the only Being sent from God to earth who possessed the power to lay down his life and take it up again. To no other soul under heaven has this power been given, and he demonstrated the resurrection from death to life by his own example, and has freely offered the same deliverance to all the sons and daughters of God that ever lived on earth or that will ever live from henceforth.

Christ has opened up to the world through faith and obedience this hope of everlasting life and exaltation in his glorious kingdom. Who else has taught such doctrine as this? Who else has exemplified this power and has done the deed, or given this object lesson before the world? Not one! Shall we deny it? Then look at the testimony of his disciples; they say, they heard with their ears, they witnessed what they have declared to the world, and their testimony stands unimpeached to this day, and, in addition to this, we have the testimony of Joseph the Prophet. I say in addition to the testimony of Jesus himself that he came from the Father, that he was his Father's Son, begotten of his Father, born of his mother Mary, thus partaking of the elements of eternal life and power over death, inheriting this power from his Father; and possessing the power to lay down his life through the mortality inherited from his mother, he says, "No man taketh it from me; I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it up again." Joseph the Prophet comes to us in this dispensation and declares that the heavens were opened to him and to his associates, and he saw and heard, and he declares as the last witness, who has seen and heard and knows, that Jesus is the Christ and the Redeemer of the world, even he who was born of Mary, crucified and rose again from the dead, and visited the inhabitants of this continent, as well as the inhabitants of the old continent as we call it, who also bear witness of him.

TESTIMONY

I believe in these things, I believe in Joseph Smith the prophet, I believe in the doctrine contained in the Book of Mor-

mon, as I do that contained in the New Testament. I believe in the revelations that have come to the prophet Joseph Smith; and I say to my brethren that the book of Doctrine and Covenants contains some of the most glorious principles ever revealed to the world, some that have been revealed in greater fulness than they were ever revealed before to the world; and this, in fulfilment of the promises of the ancient prophets that in the latter times the Lord would reveal things to the world that had been kept hid from the foundation thereof; and the Lord has revealed them through the prophet Joseph Smith.

This great work for the redemption of our dead, the uniting together of the living and the dead, the sealing power that takes the living children and unites them in the bond of the new and everlasting covenant with their fathers and mothers who have gone before them; the great principle that binds on earth and it is bound in heaven, that takes the woman, chosen by the man, and seals her to the husband of her choice with an everlasting, unbreakable covenant, or a covenant that can only be broken by sin or by the transgression of the laws of God, a covenant that can never be broken by death, by time, or distance, because God has confirmed it, it is sealed by his power for time and for all eternity; the work of baptism and other saving ordinances for the dead; the endowments, and all the ordinances that have been revealed to be performed in the sacred edifices called temples which we are under comandments from God always, to build unto his name,—these things have been revealed to us in this dispensation in greater fulness and in greater plainness than ever before in the history of the world so far as we know. Thank God for the truth! May we abide in it. May the Lord help us to be humble, prayerful and honest with our own souls, as well as honest with our Father and God, and make us capable of resisting evil and of rejecting wickedness, capable of discerning the darkness and of turning away from it, that we may walk in the light as God is in the light, that we may have fellowship with him, and that the blood of his Son Jesus Christ may cleanse us from all sin, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

President Smith's Address

Mr. Le Roy Armstrong, editor of *Goodwin's Weekly*, has this to say of President Smith's attitude on the tobacco habit, and in condemnation of the use of the weed:

"In a broad and general way I am for the anti-tobacco doctrine promulgated by President Joseph F. Smith at the opening of the October conference. And I am unprejudiced, because I

use the weed. One can be pretty patient with the various weaknesses of human nature, but here is a habit which God never planted in any human being. It is unnatural for man to chew or smoke tobacco.

"No habit is acquired at such expense of pain and discomfort, or against so positive and emphatic an opposition of nature. The man who smokes can remember when he began self-administration of nicotine poison, and he can remember no other convulsion of his frame which equalled that following his first cigar. The deathly sickness, the battle of normally clean tissues against the rank enmity of the weed, whether smoked or chewed, surpasses any other illness known to man. Seasickness is a horror. But it is a dream of Paradise and the Peri as compared with nicotine poison for the beginner. Ptomaine poison hurts, but it is colic compared to convulsions. There is no protest of the healthy body possibly approaching the physical warning against tobacco.

"And if the user of tobacco—the confirmed slave today, would apply to any useful endeavor the resolution, the persistence, the indifference to suffering, the courage, the power of will, the sacrifice of comfort—which he has devoted to acquiring the tobacco habit, he would have won—though the winning meant fame or fortune, love or leisure!

"President Smith is right. Smoking is foolish. There is not one word to be said in sanity to defend it. Chewing tobacco is beyond all expression filthy. It is vile, vicious, self-contaminating, offensive to companions and repulsive to the community at large.

"And while neither he nor I will make an end of the custom, it is fair to say he told the truth, and it is a thing for patriotic men to applaud, because his word in that meeting will save some men from the one habit which has nothing to defend it and every consideration of cleanliness to oppose."

Appreciates the Talk

President Smith has received the following letter from James Devine, dated Salt Lake City, October 8, 1913:

"My Dear President: My good wife and self read with profound pleasure and appreciation your recent remarks in the Tabernacle on the question of women's and specially girls' dress. None is in a better position than yourself to sound the keynote on this subject that has of late years become a question of public as well as private concern. It has reached the stage when it not only involves the moral but the financial interests of the commonwealth. I would suggest that you take the initiative in this matter, and many of us in the ranks will be glad to co-operate with you. The

permitted intrusion of this vice into our schools and university I view with alarm and regret.

"Sincerely and very truly yours,

"JAMES DEVINE."

The Word of Wisdom a Command

At the October semi-annual conference, President Anthon H. Lund spoke, in an interesting and emphatic way, upon the observance of the Word of Wisdom. At the close of President Lund's remarks, and just before the close of the first session of the conference, President Joseph F. Smith said: "If I may be indulged just a moment: The reason, undoubtedly, why the Word of Wisdom is given as not 'by commandment or restraint' was that, at that time, at least, if it had been given as a commandment it would have brought every man addicted to the use of these noxious things under condemnation; so the Lord was merciful and gave them a chance to overcome before he brought them under the law. Later on, it was announced from this stand, by President Brigham Young, that the Word of Wisdom was a revelation and a command of the Lord. I desire to mention that fact because I do not want you to feel that we are under no restraint. We do not want to come under condemnation."

Messages from the Missions



MEETINGHOUSE, SVEND-
BORG, DENMARK

Elder H. Harry Madsen, Svendborg, Denmark, September 12: "This is the youngest branch in the Scandinavian mission, and was organized March 31, 1913. We have 18 members besides 16 children. We hold Sunday school and M. I. A. meetings and two hall-meetings each week, and Priesthood meeting every month. Besides these we have an active Relief Society and a tracting club. The Saints are good workers, and we have many friends among rich and poor. Our branch is one of the most successful in the Aarhus conference. The elders left to right are: Ole Anderson, Pleasant Grove; H. N. Hansen, Svendborg, Denmark; H. Harry Madsen, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Amacy W. Clark, Kofu, Japan, July 22: "Elders in picture left to right: Leonard E. Harrington, American Fork; Conference President Lloyd O. Ivie, Salina; Arthur Cutler, Salt Lake City, dressed in Japanese working clothes; standing: Amacy W. Clark, Rexburg, Idaho, in



JAPAN MISSIONARIES

Japanese dress suit. The missionary work here is progressing nicely in this conference. We hold Sunday school at 9 o'clock every Sunday morning with an average attendance of 35, and the number is continually increasing. Regular meeting is held after Sunday school, and preaching meeting in the evening, with an average attendance of 15, most of whom are young men and women. Many of these young people visit us during the week and study, and we are glad to be able to teach them the principles of the Gospel. Every Friday afternoon we elders go out to Okabe, a small village five miles east of Kofu, where at 4 o'clock we hold a Sunday school, and in the evening a preaching meeting, both of which are well attended. The

Japanese language is rather difficult for us, both to speak and understand, but with the help of the Lord and the prayers of our friends and loved ones at home, combined with our own efforts, we are sure to accomplish good among the people."

Nicholas G. Smith of Farmington, Utah, has been appointed president of the South African Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to succeed President Frank J. Hewlett, released. Elder Smith is the son of the late Elder John Henry Smith, and was born thirty-two years ago. He has been prominent in Church work, having filled a mission to Holland some eight years ago. He left Utah September 15, going via Montreal, Liverpool, and thence to Africa.

Thomas C. Hair has been appointed acting president of the Netherlands mission, to succeed Elder Roscoe W. Eardley, who recently returned home after a successful presidency in that mission, and who has lately been appointed a member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A., and upon the Committee of Vocations and Industries of the Board. He is also devoting his time in the Presiding Bishop's office to the matter of employment.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. Day Stake Finals

At the request of a number of stakes to have a final or latest date set upon which stake try-outs may be held, the matter came before the General Board at a recent meeting, and it was decided to recommend, and the Board does recommend, that all Church district try-outs, of the activities to be taken up at the June Conference in Salt Lake City, be held no later than the 20th day of May next. The definite date and place in each district should be fixed, by correspondence or a convention or meeting of the stake district superintendents. The stake superintendents and presidents of the starred stakes, as recorded in the convention outlines and in the ERA for September, should take the initiative in this matter at once. It will be understood that this date will necessitate that all M. I. A. Day exercises be held prior to May 20, so that the stakes may participate in the district try-outs in time for entering the winners in the different events in the Church finals in June. The names of the winners, as soon as known, should be forwarded at once to the General Secretaries. The superintendents of the starred stakes are requested to furnish this information.

Points for Judgment

A request has come that a definite per cent be given for each of the points for judgment on the different contest events at the M. I. A. Day and June Conference finals. In the opinion of the committee this matter will be handled satisfactorily by the judges of the different events. The points for judgment found in the convention folders, and the ERA for September, under the different events, were made on broad and general lines; and it was believed that great help would come during the preparation, if the contestants might have before them constantly a reminder of the points upon which they would be judged. It is suggested that the contestants keep a copy of these outlines, and when the different contests are held that a copy of these points of judgment be handed to the judges, and that they be given the privilege of rating the relative value of each. This will also be done in the Church finals next June.

Grading of Contestants

To avoid misunderstanding, the following explanation is made on the grading of contestants, who are to take part in our coming June contests, at Salt Lake City:

The contestants are divided into three classes: Juniors, Seniors, and Advanced Seniors.

The Juniors will contest in boys' choruses—boys against boys,—and girls' choruses—girls against girls.

In mixed double quartets any member of the associations may take part.

School teachers, lawyers, doctors and college graduates who are officers or members of the associations will compete in a separate class called the Advanced Senior class, and will contest in orations. Members of this Advanced Senior class will not be permitted to enter the Junior and Senior classes but may take part in the mixed double quartet.

Nucleus for a Library

At the request of several ward associations of the Y. M. M. I. A. to furnish a suggestive list of books for a nucleus for a small library in country districts, where large libraries are not obtainable, the Committee on Reading Course have made the following suggestive list:

In all cases we recommend that the standard Church works—the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price, be made the foundation for every such library.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL—*The History of the Church*, six volumes; *Ancient America*, Baldwin; *Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*; *Ancient and Medieval History*, Myers; *The Making of a State*, Whitney; *Captain Bonneville*, Washington Irving.

BIOGRAPHY—*Joseph and the Land of Egypt*, R. H. Sayce; *History of Joseph Smith*, by his mother, Lucy Smith; *Life of Brigham Young*, Edward H. Anderson; *Life of Washington*, Irving; *Life of Lincoln*, Hapgood; *Life of Jacob Hamblin*, Little; *Plutarch's Lives*.

ETHICS AND CHARACTER BUILDING—*The Power of Truth*, Jordan; *Courage of the Commonplace*, Andrews; *Strength of Being Clean*, David Starr Jordan; *True to His Home*, Butterworth; *Secret of Achievement*, Marden; *Emerson's Essays*; *Courage*, Wagner; *Young Man and the World*, Beveridge; *Boy Wanted*, Waterman; *Heroes of Every-day Life*, F. E. Coe; *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*; *The Making of an American*, Jacob Riis.

INDUSTRIES—*Dry-Farming*, Widdsoe; *Stories of Inventors*, Russel; *Making the Farm Pay*, Bowsfield. (See also list in Senior Manual, 1913-14.)

FICTION—*John Halifax*, Mulock; *Rasselas*, Samuel Johnson; *Silas Marner*, George Eliot; *Tale of Two Cities*, Dickens; *Hypatia*, Kingsley; *Richard Carvel*, Churchill; *The Crises*, Churchill; *Lorna Doone*, Blackmore; *John Marvel Assistant*, Thomas Nelson Page; *Winning of Barbara Worth*, Wright; *Metta*, Lambourne; *The Southerner*, Thomas Dixon; *Corporal Cameron*, Ralph Connor; *Tom Brown's School Days*, Thomas Hughes; *The Last of the Mohicans*, Cooper; *John Stevens' Courtship*, Gates; *The Castle Builders*, Nephi Anderson; *Added Upon*, Nephi Anderson; *The Bishop's Shadow*, Thurston; *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys*; *Piney Ridge Cottage*, Nephi Anderson; *Jean val Jean*, Wiltse; *Ivanhoe*, Scott; *Lady of the Lake*, Scott.

MISCELLANEOUS—*The Sketch Book*, Irving; *The Pioneer Trail*, Lambourne; *Heart Throbs*, volumes I and II; *The Inland Sea*, Lambourne; *The American Government*, Haskin; *Wild Animals I Have Known*, Thompson; *Book of Knowledge*, 24 volumes; *The Young Forester*, Gray; *Outdoors in the West*, Paul; *Golden Treasury of Poetry and Prose*, Francis F. Browne; *Mr. Durrant*, That Mormon, Rich; *The House of the Lord*, Talmage.

DOCTRINAL—*Scrap Book of Mormon Literature*, two volumes, Rich; *New Witnesses for God*, Roberts; *The Reign of Anti-Christ*, Sjodahl; *Voice of Warning*, Pratt; *Articles of Faith*, Talmage.

Passing Events

Roland G. Garros, French aviator, recently crossed the Mediterranean Sea from Frejus near Cannes, France, to Bizerta, near Tunis in Africa. This is one of the record breaking feats of French aviators, and will bring nearer the time that someone will try to fly across the Atlantic ocean. There were no ships to help him in case of accident, since he refused their aid. His flying time for the 550 miles was seven hours and forty-five minutes. Garros flew in the United States in 1910-11.

The Underwood tariff bill was signed by President Wilson at 9:09 o'clock, October 3. Simultaneously, telegrams were sent to custom collectors throughout the country by the treasury department, putting into actual operation the first Democratic tariff revision since 1894. The president signed the legislation with two gold pens and presented Representative Underwood with the one with which he had written the word "Woodrow," and the one with which he completed his name, he gave to Senator Simmons, both of whom bowed their appreciation.

New express rates went into effect October 15, and are to remain in force two years. This new rate, which applies only to interstate business, was ordered by the Interstate Commerce commission, August 4. The express companies have adopted a block, or zone system in fixing charges, and a general reduction in rates is adopted that amount to an average of about 16 per cent. For packages of more than four pounds, going more than two hundred miles and less than two thousand miles, the new rates will be actually lower than the parcel post charges.

Francis B. Harrison, member of Congress of New York, was nominated Governor-general of the Philippines August 20, and Governor-general Wm. Cameron Forbes, who has occupied the office since November, 1909, vacated the office September 1, and left at once for the United States. The new Governor-general is the son of the late Burton Harrison of Virginia, private secretary to Jefferson Davis, born in New York, 1873, educated at Yale and the New York School of Law. He served in the Spanish War and was elected to Congress in 1902.

"Volturno," on a voyage from Rotterdam to New York, was destroyed by fire in mid-Atlantic, on October 9-11, with a loss of 136 passengers and crew. Ten ocean liners came to the rescue of the burning ship by call of the wireless, but were impotent at first to

avert the tragedy owing to mountainous seas. However, the saving of 521 lives on board the *Volturmo* is due to the call of the wireless and the prompt response of the liners. Not since the *Titanic* sank has the civilized world been thrilled as through the burning of this steamer. The oil tank steamer *Narragansett* scattered tons of oil on the raging sea, thus greatly aiding the rescue work.

William A. Rossiter, a well-known business man of Salt Lake City, died on September 25. He was born in London, England, February 26, 1843. He joined the Church at the age of seventeen, coming to Utah driving an ox team across the plains. He was an employee of Brigham Young, and through his fidelity and trustworthiness became one of Young's trusted men, and later one of the executors of the Brigham Young estate. He was constantly engaged in business, being associated with the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company since 1906. He was a true Latter-day Saint, though not actively before the Church in public affairs. One of his chief characteristics was his absolute impartiality in business affairs.

August Bebel, a most distinguished Socialist leader of the German Reichstag since 1867, died August 13, at the age of seventy-three years. He devoted his whole life to improving the condition of the workingmen of his country, and many of the reforms brought about are said to be due to his agitation. He was extreme in his methods, and often came in conflict with the law, serving, all told, fifty-seven months behind the bars, which enforced idleness he used to improve his education. He called the prison his university. He founded a party which grew from nothing until it cast about four million votes at the last election, it being the largest single political party in Germany. His estate is valued at about \$100,000 of which he bequeathed \$5,000 to the Social Democratic party, and \$2,500 to the Labor party.

The National Copper Bank potato contest prize was awarded this year to Horace Cannell, 17 years old, Smithfield, Utah. The other winners in the contest were Merle Hyer, 16 years, Lewiston, Utah, and Delmar Gillins, 15 years, Minersville, Utah. The first prize as stated in the ERA in the advertisement in May was for \$100, second 50, and third \$25. The name of the first-prize winner is engraved each year on the National Copper Bank potato trophy. Judge Eugene H. Grubb, potato expert, stated that the potato exhibit this year surpassed any held in former years. One hundred sixty boys were in the contest this year. To be eligible for this contest the boy must be under eighteen, and he must raise a half acre of potatoes during the year, fifty pounds of the crop of each boy being sent to the contest exhibit.

New land in the Arctic Ocean has been discovered by Commander

Wilkitzky of the Russian navy, a son of the famous hydrographer who died last year. The new land extends in a narrow strip from about sixty miles north of Northeast Cape, the northern termination of the Asiatic continent, to 81 degrees north. It has been named Nicholas II Land, and the discovery is regarded as having most important bearing on ice conditions in the Kara sea. Polar bears, and birds, were found in plentiful numbers, and there was much evidence of the presence of reindeer. The vegetation was pronounced scanty. The discovery has excited interest the world over, and is a confirmation of an idea expressed in an article that appeared some two or three years ago in the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, by President C. W. Penrose, in which it was pointed out that in all probability there is yet land in the north undiscovered.

Governor William Sulzer of New York was found guilty by the High Court of Impeachment, October 16, in Albany, and formally removed from office on the 17th. The court decided that the executive was guilty of falsification, perjury, and an attempt to suppress evidence against him. He was declared innocent of all other charges and the judges decided not to disqualify him from holding office in the future. Martin H. Glynn, Lieutenant-Governor, who has been acting-governor since the impeachment of Sulzer, becomes the chief executive of the state. Mr. Sulzer has held public office almost continually since 1890, having been a member of Congress from New York for twenty years before being elected governor last November. He was born in New Jersey, in 1863, and lived on the east side of New York among the foreign born population during his entire political career. He is the first governor of the state to be impeached. In a statement Sulzer characterizes his trial as "political lynching" by "Murphy's high court of infamy."

The Gamboa Dyke in the Panama Canal was exploded at 2:02 p. m. on the afternoon of October 10, and the opening of the canal from sea to sea was successfully accomplished. The explosion was accomplished by President Wilson pressing a button in the White House which sent an electric current thousands of miles over land and sea, blew up the dyke in the canal, and removed the last practical obstacle in the great inter-ocean water-way, by igniting the immense charge of dynamite under the dam. This dyke was built in 1908 to hold the Chagres river in check during its turbulent periods and to prevent its waters from entering the nine-mile section of Culebra cut. In Salt Lake City the event was celebrated at high noon by the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, and by a large meeting at night in the Tabernacle, where addresses were made by Congressman Joseph Howell, Governor Wm. Spry, and Mayor Park.

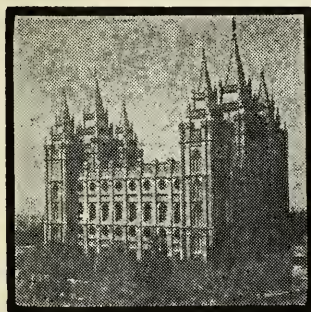
Governor E. M. Ammons of Colorado comes to Utah on the invitation of Governor William Spry to attend the Farmers' Round-Up and Housekeepers' Conference, at the Utah Agricultural College, at Logan, January 26 to February 6. Through the success that has come by methods employed at the extension division this annual farmers' gathering has come to be considered one of the greatest agricultural conventions of the inter-mountain region. In addition to agricultural studies that will be presented at this round-up, there will be an elaborate poultry exhibit, and a meeting of poultry-men, beginning Tuesday, January 26. The purpose of this poultry show is to begin a movement to make Utah one of the most important poultry states in the West. Utah is said to consume over \$1,000,000 worth of chickens and eggs shipped in from other states, and there is no reason why this state should not produce enough for itself and for other communities besides. The high altitude and sunshine of this state are especially conducive to the health of birds. All interested are invited to attend the Farmers' Round-Up.

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President O. D. Romney of the New Zealand Mission writes September 21: "You can hardly imagine the good that the IMPROVEMENT ERA does to us missionaries away out in these South Sea islands. May your mission with that most worthy paper continue to progress and the blessings of the Lord ever attend you."

The music for the **Junior Boys' Chorus** contest, and the title of the mixed double quartet number, will be printed in the December ERA. The suggestive list of stories and orations are also promised for that number.

The **December number** will have a lively scout article by Preston Nibley on "Jim Bridger, Our First Citizen." "A Peculiar Japanese Religion," by President Ivins of the Japan mission, and other lively articles, with stories, will attract the reader.

Second session of Normal Course for Scout Masters.—This course opened on Monday night, at the Deseret Gymnasium, October 13, and sessions are held every Monday evening, from 8 to 9 o'clock. All Scout Masters and others interested in this work are invited to be present. The program for October 20 was: Roll call by stakes and wards; "Hand Wrestling," and "The Scout Yell," by Oscar A. Kirkham; "The Scout Law," by John D. Bowers; "Scouts' Annual Membership Fee," and "The 12-to-14-year old Scout," by Dr. John H. Taylor; "Knot Tying," Captain Eberhart of city fire department.

Improvement Era, November, 1913

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